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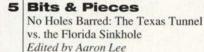






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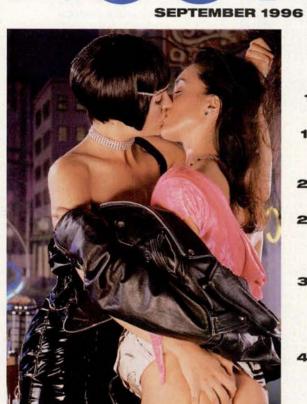
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VOLUME 23 NUMBER 3













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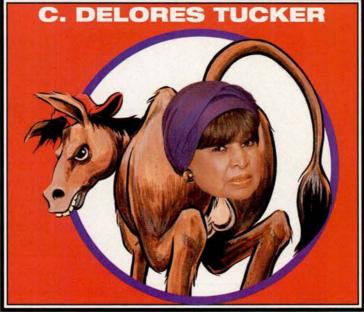
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

America's raging epidemic of bloviating-sphincter syndrome is an equal-opportunity malady, crossing all color lines and respecting no gender. Even an old, no-account black lady with nothing better to do than mind other people's business can rise to prominence if her case of bloviating-sphincter syndrome is severe enough. C. DeLores Tucker, bloviating chairwoman of the National Political Congress of Black Women, is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for September 1996.

Little more than three years ago, C. DeLores Tucker was a washed-up African American feminist. Gangstarap music, that bloviating, urbanjungle genre of bitches, ho's and "real niggaz" killing cops and each other, has made C. DeLores Tucker a star at age 67.

"I promise you," vows Tucker, "that either this gangsta porno rap is going to die, or I'm going to die trying to stop it."

Tucker flaps her gums about marching in 1965 from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama, with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. This show of support for oppressed and poor black Americans was followed in 1966 by a Philadelphia Inquirer article that listed Tucker as one of the city's worst slumlords. Inspectors ruled that ten of her 24 tenements were in substandard condition and were a threat to the lives of the occupants. By Tucker's admission, those occupants were "displaced women on welfare with six or seven children." In other words, the occupants whose lives were threatened by conditions in Tucker's slums



were the same oppressed and poor black Americans for whom she had grandly marched in Alabama.

Some of Tucker's slums were eventually donated to charities. She does not divulge the extent of tax breaks such donations brought her, but her subsequent profits from charities fuel cynical speculation.

In 1971, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp appointed Tucker secretary of state, which made Tucker the highest-ranking black woman official in any state government.

In 1977, Shapp fired Tucker. An investigation conducted by Philadelphia's district attorney found that Tucker had used state employees to write speeches for which she was paid up to \$65,000

from outside organizations, some of those thousands coming from charities under her supervision.

Attempting to rise from what the Reverend Jesse Jackson termed a "setback to blacks across the nation," Tucker ran for lieutenant governor, U.S. senator and congresswoman, never making it past the primary elections.

Failing in 1993 to get elected to the NAACP's board of directors, Tucker seemed doomed to obscurity with the formidably named National Political Congress of Black Women. The world paid little attention, until Psychic Friend Dionne Warwick shared with Tucker a revelation: assault gangsta rap.

Tucker wrote letters to Attorney

General Janet Reno and alerted the FBI, claiming she had caught clerks at Tower Records selling "the gangsta porno rap" to 13-year-olds. The Justice Department has not yet acted to prosecute Tower.

Tucker had a greater response from the U.S. Congress, who held House and Senate hearings on gangsta rap in 1994 due to DeLores's alarmist efforts.

Tucker's most flamboyant coup was to buy ten shares of stock in entertainment giant Time Warner. DeLores attended the annual shareholders' meeting. She delivered a 17-minute diatribe, calling the company "a conspirator in the denigration and destruction of the black community" due to its 50% interest in Interscope Records, distributors of Death Row Records, home of Dr. Dre, Tupac Shakur and Snoop Doggy Dogg. Time Warner subsequently severed its involvement with Interscope and Death Row.

Suge Knight, chief executive officer of Death Row Records, has brought a lawsuit against Tucker. Knight contends that Tucker asked him to sign a document designating her as Death Row's representative to negotiate a new, "clean" rap venture. According to Knight, Tucker threatened to use her organization's power to put the government on his ass if he didn't go along and make her rich.

"Dr. King gave his life," says Tucker. "Now they're coming after me."

Dr. King fought racial prejudice. C. DeLores Tucker exercises it. She is an Asshole of the highest odor.

Farts in the Wind ing game. This month, Schott

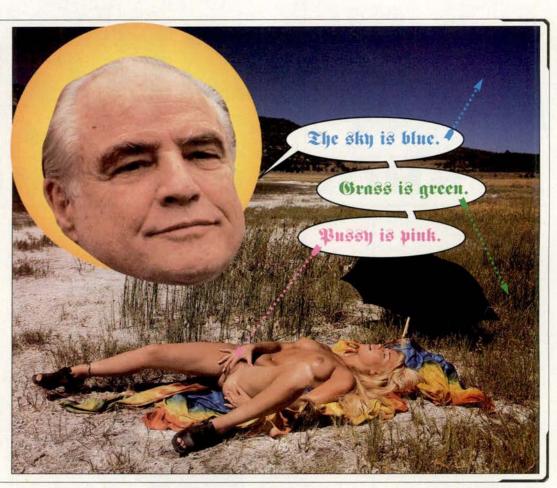
Marge Schott: Is Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott insanely fond of being listed under the Asshole column in HUSTLER? For two issues running, diarrhea mouth Schott has talked her way into dishonorable mention. Last month Schott quipped that she felt "cheated" after the homeplate umpire fell over dead at the start of Cincinnati's season-open-

ing game. This month, Schott confided to ESPN that Adolf Hitler "was good in the beginning, but he just went too far." In the past, Schott has referred to some black Reds players as her "million-dollar niggers." For our two cents, Marge is all Asshole.

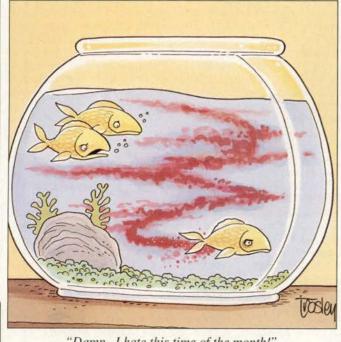
Robert E. Allen: As chief executive officer of AT&T, Robert E. Allen is known for three infamies: (1) engineering the financially disastrous AT&T takeover of computer maker NCR, (2) laying off 40,000 AT&T workers while retaining all perks of his own, (3) making more than \$5 million when the value of his stock and options soared after the layoffs. AT&T under Allen stands for Asshole Through and Through.

Marlon's Brand O' Wisdom

When Marlon Brando's big mouth isn't stuffed with cotton (or fried chicken), insight spills out like an extra helping of mashed potatoes. "Hollywood is run by Jews," proclaimed the bloated method eater on a recent Larry King Live appearance. If the Goyfather ever looks up from that seventh plate of fettuccine Alfredo, expect the Marl man to bring more startling revelations down from his mountain of lard. Way to go, Wild One-and pass the gravy.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Damn...I hate this time of the month!"

Porn The Past



Let's take a moment to reflect on that childhood favorite, *Through the Good-Looking Ass*. Who could forget the haunting grin of the Cheshire pussy?

Alice's classic tail earns Daniel Cascioli \$150. Send the salacious smut of yore to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

GET READY TO RUMBLE

(and queef, and possibly throw up!)

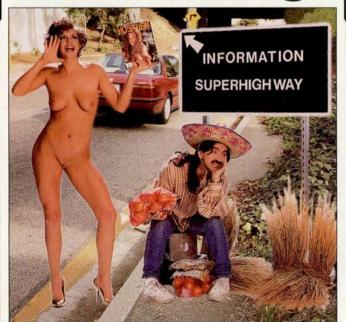


Cast those vaginal votes with a check mark in your favorite box's box and mail to:

BATTLE OF THE BEHEMOTH BEAVERS, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

The winner will be announced in an upcoming Bits & Pieces. Help decide which gaping gash will be crowned with the coveted Golden Manhole Award!

Come-Puter Age



Everyone wants to get on the information superhighway, but only HUSTLER has the foresight to deal at the on-ramp. Read all about our Internet affairs: A special photo-feature devoted to HUSTLER's Online Honeys begins on page 28, and see page 37 for *Sex Play*'s eyewitness account of a cyberstrip club.

Mad Cow Disease



While British farmers got their knickers in a bunch over an outbreak of bovine spongiform encephalopathy, an equally deadly manifestation of the so-called Mad Cow Disease went ignored on these shores. At Roseanne's weekly milking, a horny hired hand made the fatal mistake of licking the beefy sitcom star's snatch. The country bumpkin was soon deader than the ratings for Roseanne's *Saturday Night Live* ripoff. Tough luck, cow poker.

PARODY, NOT TRUE, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, FAT CELEBRITY'S HEAD STRIPPED ONTO OUR FAT MODE

Take My Balls, Please!

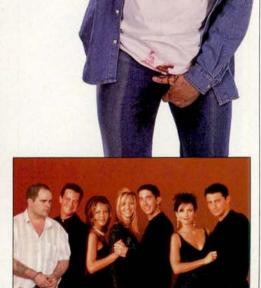
Convicted child molester Larry Don McQuay made national headlines with his campaign to be castrated in a Texas prison. The downhome kid-fucker insists that only a state-assisted orchiectomy will prevent him from striking again—a particularly bogus assertion in light of McQuay's imminent parole. Any self-described monster who claims he violated more than 240 toddlers wouldn't let a little thing like lack of testicles stand in the way of sodomizing and murdering his prey. What is McQuay's real motivation for entering society without a sack?



McQuay's family jewels would alert compatible scumbags to Larry Don's leanings.



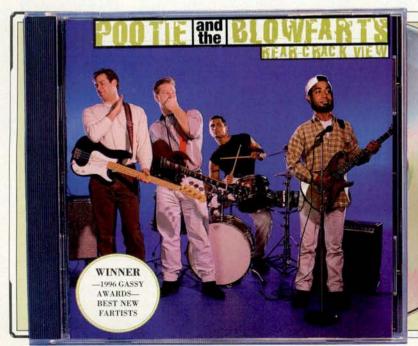
Now that Lisa Marie Presley is single again, perhaps McQuay longs to become the castratovoiced lover of little boys in her life.



have I hugged

our kid today? 7596

Nutless McQuay would stand an excellent chance of landing a recurring role with the emasculated "men" of Friends.



CATCH A WHIFF

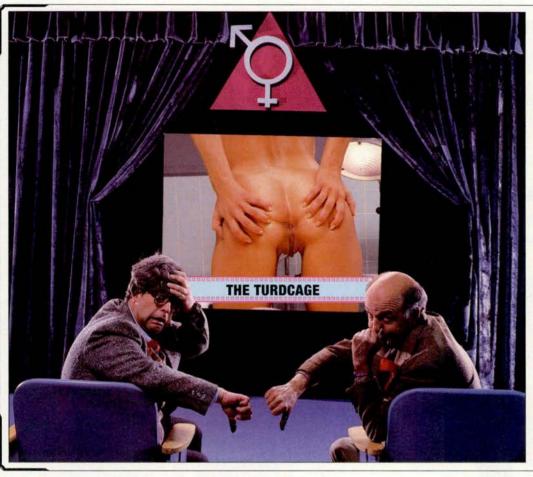
OF THE HOTTEST BAND IN AMERICA.

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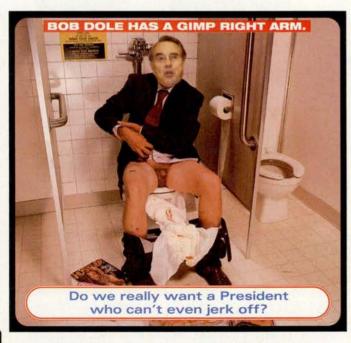


Sissy & Shebert

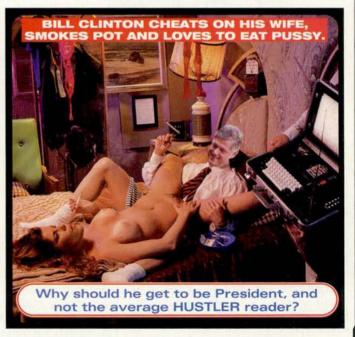
Here's celebrating 20 years of gay banter between those film-house fags, Gene Sissy and Roger Shebert. This week Sissy (of the Shitcago Bun-Times) and Shebert (of the Shitcago Spittoon) looked at The Turdcage, a new comedy starring Sandra Buttock. Both colonstuffing critics agreed that Ms. Buttock needs a little something extra before she'll get the right parts. Sissy and Shebert gave the film two thumbs down-once they pulled their thumbs out of their respective assholes.

Slinging Mud and Pulling Pud

The upcoming Presidential election raises the controversy over negative campaign ads. The mudslinging HUSTLER would like to see in November makes the television spots of the past look like Valentines.



Paid for by the Foundation to Keep Upholding the President (FUKUP).



Paid for by the Committed Readers of the Crusading HUSTLER (CROTCH).

The Moesha Syndrome



When the United Paramount Network debuted Moesha, a starring vehicle for 17year-old pop tart Brandy, no one expected the show to be a hit-because no one could understand a word of dialogue. More reminiscent of a minstrel show than a mindless

sitcom, Moesha is 30 minutes of black dialect so incomprehensible, it makes The Jeffersons sound like Masterpiece Theater. Now that *Moesha* is a ratings smash among the pimples-and-braces set, get ready for a deluge of ethnic jailbait television.



BONITA SHOW—Comedy/Drama

A serious episode: Mariachi bandleader Chiquita must help her best friend and guitar player, Guano, face refried-bean addiction, or diarrhea will stand in the way of their big Swap Meet concert; Edward James Olmos returns as Craterface. Parental discretion is advised for all 47 of your children.

8:00 5 (B) YUNG-POON SLOP-Comedy

Yung-Poon blames Mama-san for running over the family dog, Bow Wow Mao, in a laundry truck; all is forgiven when the Bow Wow Mao barbecue is a big hit with Yung-Poon's friends. Special Guest: Woody Allen as the guidance counselor. (CC-Chinese Captioned)

9:00 6 9 18 SHOSHANNA!-Comedy/T & A

Shoshanna breaks up with her TVstar boyfriend; Shoshanna takes a job at Hooters, but guits when the chicken's not kosher; Shoshanna does 50 jumping jacks in a tight leotard, then takes a long, hot shower. Oy gevault, would you look at the tits on that yenta! (Repeat)



Master Shots

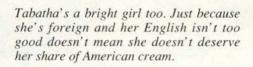
I wanted to thank you for centerfold girl Marla (Marla: Eager Beaver, July '96). She is the prettiest girl I have ever seen in HUSTLER. Her young, unsophisticated face and cheery smile are like sunshine. Her perky tits are shaped beautifully, and they are just the size I like 'em. Her pussy is lovely, and she has a great ass and very sexy feet. Clive McLean's photography in this set is also exceptional. I very much like the way Marla is shown touching herself without spreading her pussy lips wide open, something I have never found to be attractive and which is getting harder to avoid in men's magazines. I do like the shots you have begun to use that show the girl actually sticking her finger inside her pussy. Also, I mentioned Marla's sexy feet. Thanks for not cropping them out of the photo. One more comment: In seven of the ten shots we get eye contact. This is almost always a plus, and it certainly was in this case.

—D. C. Washington, D.C.

Thanks, D. C. It's always nice to be appreciated by a connoisseur.

I've been a reader of your great magazine for better than ten years, and I have not missed one. You've finally given me something to write about. Over the years, you have shown the world many beautiful women. Out of them all, Teresa: Auto Erotic (May '96) has got to be the best of the best. I commend photographer Matti Klatt on his work. May happens to be my birthday, and HUSTLER has given me the best gift I've ever received. Why didn't Teresa make centerfold? You should have left that other chick in Tahiti (Tabatha: Coming Up, May '96). She resembles your everyday one-cent bitch with no morals and does not deserve that kind of recognition from HUSTLER. Will Teresa ever return? I hope so. I believe she is just as intelligent as she is beautiful. —B. M. B. Coshocton, Ohio

You're right, Teresa is brainy. But



Grateful Head

I just got my June issue, and Leanne is fantastic (*Leanne: Groupie Girl*, June '96). I've also got two questions, and I hope you can help. Is it possible you could



Marla: Eager Beaver

print one of your girls pissing in a bathroom layout? Is that weird? —B. S. Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Of course it's weird, B. S. That's why we pay regular visits to the ladies' room. In January of '96, centerfold Tammy (<u>Tammy: Candid Cooze</u>) was caught sitting on the can.

I am in love, or at least in lust, with Leanne (Leanne: Groupie Girl, June '96). Perhaps I can ease her grief at the loss of our beloved Jerry Garcia. I've been told for years that I look just like him. I've also owned three VW buses. I would love to bury my soft, ticklish beard between those perfect butt cheeks and permanently curl her toes.

—B. D. O.

Long Beach, California

Peace, man. Leanne wishes you beautiful karma.

An Ounce of Prevention

While your two-part article on porn-star suicides (*Kisses of Death*, May and June '96) was eye-opening in some respects, you failed to evoke sympathy from this reader when you quoted the salaries of the actors who took their own lives. Granted, money doesn't buy happiness. But considering how much of their finances went to extravagant lifestyles instead of much needed psychiatric attention, you painted a picture of people too vain or too stupid to realize they





FEEDBACK

needed help. The porn industry has enough enemies. Instead of letting porn stars go off the deep end, it would be wise to screen them for problems and ensure that the current crop of actors have long, prosperous careers.

—J. B.

Seoul, South Korea

The Doctor Is In

As the number-one adult magazine on the planet, you've shot beautiful, naked women at every location known to man. You name it, HUSTLER's done it. Except I never saw a pictorial set in a gynecologist's office. Let's face it. It's the second best job in the world behind being a HUSTLER photographer. A beautiful HUSTLER Honey with legs spread on metal stirrups will satisfy the fantasy of every would-be gynecologist by taking a peek at the only time women pay to have their pussies ogled and fingered. —J. D. Honolulu, Hawaii

We're working on the gyno. In the meantime, consult <u>Doctor Geri & Mac: License to Finger-fuck</u>, November '92, for a guy visiting a female proctologist.

Patriot Missives

I wanted to say what an excellent magazine HUSTLER is. My platoon and I especially like your *Erotic Entertainment* section because we watch adult movies on a regular basis. I am writing mainly to find out about the greatest male porn star of all time, Peter North. We think he is definitely underrated. Does Pete have a fan club?

—J. S.

Bosnia-Herzogovina

We know it gets cold and lonely at the front, J. S., but we didn't think it was this bad. Before you resort to desperate measures, HUSTLER would like to once again ("HUSTLER's Heroes," Feedback, June '96) invite all female readers to give our troops something to dream about besides Peter North. If you've got a husband or boyfriend, remember, it's not cheating to help keep America free, strong and straight. Write to: Any Service Member, Operation Joint Endeavor, APO AE 09397.

Hole Lotta Love

I just read your *Feedback* article about the guy who's looking for a large black dildo that's 14 inches around ("Come and Play," *Feedback*, May '96). What a lucky man! A lot of men out there love

big holes, but are afraid to admit it. You can have a "hole" lot more fun with a big pussy. Think of all the things you can put in it besides your dick! I sure would like to meet J. C. for a fistful of good times.

—Mrs. S. B. Ontario, California

The Sinkhole Speaks

I'd like to start by thanking all the readers who sent their support for girls like me and especially the staff at HUSTLER for noticing my inner talents. Now that I've been placed upon the throne that I've worked so hard to achieve, I plan to stay for many years by continuously expanding my horizons. As for J. F.'s comments ("Super Hole," Feedback, July '96), I can understand his feelings because the picture quality was poor, but I've sent HUSTLER a second picture to clear up my reputation. In regard to my boyfriend: No, he's not Mr. Ed, but he does own some horses. Enough said. Once again, thank you all. It's been a dream come true!

> —The Florida Sinkhole Clearwater, Florida

You're welcome, and good luck! This month, Florida's widest goes hole to hole in a snatch-size showdown with the Texas Tunnel. See <u>Bits & Pieces</u>, page 9,

for a chance to vote on which crater is most likely to swallow a man, pickup truck and all. May the best gal win.

Second Chances

I have seen numerous adult magazines, and HUSTLER puts them all to shame. I have never been disappointed with a single issue, and I'm sure I never will be. However, I do have one complaint which is my own fault. I missed the December '95 HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE, which included a list of fan-club addresses for porn starlets. Is there any chance that I can buy a list?

—J. J.

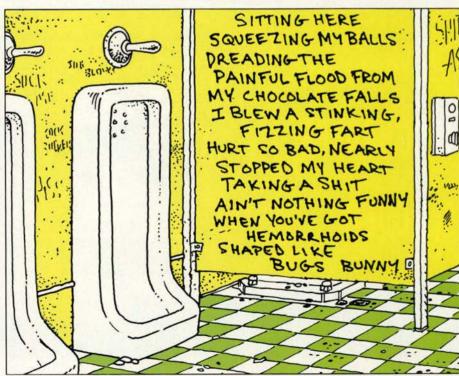
Ravenswood, West Virginia

Don't worry, J. J., back issues are available and can be ordered by calling (815) 734-1142 or writing to P.O. Box 474, Mt. Morris, IL 61054.

No Kidding

I recently read the January '96 issue of your magazine. In reference to some of the cartoons, it was quite an eye-opener. Being an African American and coming across the cartoons on pages 81 and 93, I was quite offended by what I saw. I am a great art fan, having majored in graphic design and minored in art history in college. I (continued on page 23)





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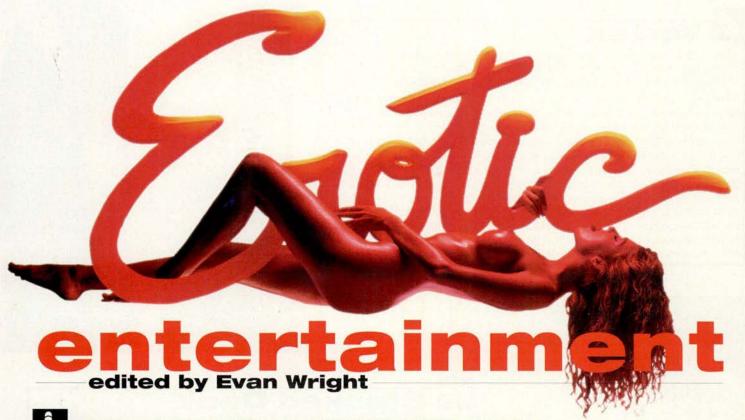
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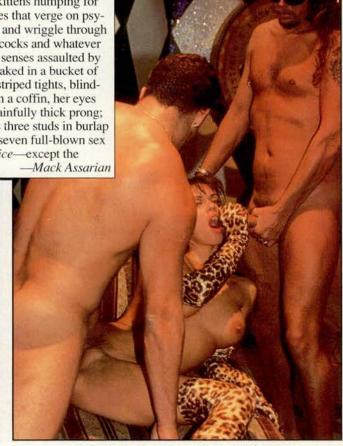
FULLY ERECT. Directed by Gregory Dark; starring Lisa Ann, Kim Kataine, Laura Palmer, Caressa Savage, Kitty Monroe, Nici Sterling, Channone, Shelby Stevens, Liza Harper, Yasmin Pendavis, Kimberly Kummings, Ember Haze, Tom Byron, Nick East, Alex Sanders and Michael J. Cox. Videocassette: Dark Works/Evil Angel.

Flesh is a spy thriller in which the assassins aim their meat guns at the cunt holes, sphincters and slobbering mouths of some of the most deadly beautiful porn kittens humping for XXX stardom today. All of the Flesh starlets are driven to performances that verge on psychosexual meltdown. Faces half-agonized, half-ecstasized, they writhe and wriggle through each scene, sexual orifices furiously assaulted by mouths, hands, toes, cocks and whatever other sexual appliance within stuffing distance. Viewers will find their senses assaulted by tongue-in-cheek voodoo imagery, snippet cuts to a laughing fat bitch naked in a bucket of food, clowns with rapacious grins and menacing bulges in their gayly striped tights, blindfolded females tossed around like fuck dolls. Kitty Monroe lies back on a coffin, her eyes moist and supplicating, to have her sphincters brutally plumbed by a painfully thick prong; Nici Sterling's ordinarily haughty face dissolves into haggard defeat as three studs in burlap hoods fuck her every way, then crack an egg on her belly. Each of the seven full-blown sex scenes in Flesh features anal plungings and DPs; Flesh is like Beetlejuice—except the demons all have hard-ons, and the chicks all get fucked up the ass.

—Mack Assarian



FLESH: Kitty Monroe spreads sphincters for a lick job.



FLESH: A mouthful and a muff-ful for Nici Sterling.

Vortex

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Jasmin St. Claire, Davia, Dave Hardman, Freddie Diamond, Blake Palmer, Kimberly Kummings, Sophia Rio, Ron Jeremy, Louise Sherry, Johnny Probe, Annabel Chong, Scarlet Malibu, Damian, Jerry Pike and Rick O'Shea. Videocassette: Metro Home Video.

Although sexy, sultry gang-bang girl Jasmin St. Clair is on the box cover, blond, pixie-perfect tart Davia nearly steals the show with her jumbo, Kremlin-dome dairy dispensers, the sweet-as-marmalade purr of her kitty-cat voice and the awe-some machine-head blowjob she administers prior to getting her ass porked. If it's true that St. Clair has a baccalaureate degree from a fancy Ivy League institution, then this sexy gal is living proof that college girls do suck dick with vengeance. A diploma would have been handy for wiping up all the sparkly ball sequins sprayed across St. Clair's pleasingly plump lips after two no-nonsense studs commit thorough double penetration of her nether nooks and crannies. Ron Jeremy appears as the boss of a sleazy sex club that features sleazy sirens dressed as disco divas. He complains about his job, then nails a bunch of sexy tarts, shitholes and all. If only life were always so difficult.

—Evan Wright

VORTEX: Plumbing the depths of St. Claire.





Stacked Deck

HALF ERECT. Directed by Mitchell Spinelli; starring Crystal Wilder, Kaitlyn Ashley, Rebecca Lord, Dallas, Nikki Sinn, Kirsty Waay, Alex Sanders, Jonathan Morgan, Jake Williams and Mark Davis. Videocassette: Intropics.

If a person wants sexual stimulation, it's hard to be interested in a couple of guys sitting around a diner talking, which is why most of *Stacked Deck* is best viewed in the expeditious blur of fast forward. A fair number of real-speed moments will pique the prurient interest, such as: thin, tan fashion-slattern Rebecca Lord lowering her covergirl face to the base of Alex Sanders's dick, being lifted airborne on his bone, splaying her bird-thin body for cock ravishment and grinning for a coating of jizz on her several-thousand-dollar smile. Trailer-park blondes Crystal Wilder and Kaitlyn Ashley batter dapper Brit Mark Davis with their hard-ball boobs; he butters both horny-girl visages with the broth of his balls. Three more chicks grin and accept slaps of semen to the kisser, but too much of *Deck* is stacked with dreck.

—*Christian Shapiro*

STACKED DECK: Sanders plugs up Lord's leaky posterior.

Gangland Bangers

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Joe D'Amato; starring Juli Ashton, Steven St. Croix, J. R. Carrington, Dallas, Jen Teal, Mark Davis, Roxanne Hall, Tony Montana, Sofia Ferrari, Sean Michaels, Jim Andrews, Vince Vouyer and Claudio. Videocassette: VCA. Shot on Film.

The suave costuming, swank settings, rich array of locations and period props, and especially the luscious, warm skin tones heightened by the lighting and film stock of *Gangland Bangers* hearken back to a golden age of porn when XXX flicks bore more resemblance to big-budget cinema. Much of *Gangland's* sex achieves a classic intensity, with men and women impaling and being impaled with avid enjoyment. The urgent pleasures begin with a bobbed blonde humping hard on a heavy wand and taking a whipped splurge of sperm on her sweet, upturned face. A pretty, strawberry-red doxie plugs her eager beaver with man bone, sticks a finger up her own ass and strains her tongue, desperate for cum. A hooker-looking chick gets fucked all over her plush curves, bringing the finish to her face, and a pair of fervent couplings occur simultaneously. The next few screws, of a woman who seems to wish she was somewhere else, rob *Bangers* of its potential Fully Erect.

—C. S.

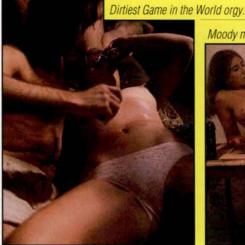
GANGLAND BANGERS: J. R. Carrington tail-nailed to the wall.





In the 1950s, a teenager named Titus Moody left the family farm in Illinois and headed for Hollywood to become a star. Moody arrived in style—having built his own customized chrome-plated chopper—and secured bit roles in TV shows such as Wyatt Earp, Combat and The Twilight Zone.

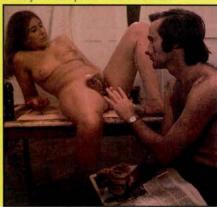
Armed with the belief that "it takes more talent to make bad movies with no money than good movies with a lot of money," Moody threw himself into the burgeoning underground-film scene of the late '60s. Using equipment "borrowed" from the studios where he did his work in "legiti-



mate" film, Moody and friends cranked out offbeat, satirical, occasionally brilliant but frequently awful independent movies that defy classification.

The Dirtiest Game in the World intercuts footage from the 1968 Democratic Convention with the story of a politician (played by Moody) seeking to win "the marijuana vote" while battling it out with sex-crazed hippies and an alcoholic wife who drinks to curb her nymphomania. Escape to Passion centers on nudist bank robbers, Crisco orgies and one woman's ability to

Moody makes a peanut-butter clamwich.



swallow the 18-inch handle of a plumber's pipe wrench with her twat.

Unlike other "nudie-cutie" B movies of this time, most of the dozen or so Titus Moody's surviving films offer honest, hard-core XXX action.

Today, Titus Moody suffers from memory loss due to the separation of his inner ear from his brain. For those who are interested in experiencing the brain-damaging effects of his movies, contact: Titus Moody's Cult Classics, 1626 N. Wilcox Ave, Suite 348, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Out of My Mind

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Heather Lee, Stephanie, Annabel Chong, Jordan Lee, Ron Jeremy and several uncredited guys. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

One man's garbage is another man's ugly fantasy, which spells sleazy low-end dollars for director John T. Bone and his band of fucking abominations in *Out of My Mind*. Annabel Chong's allure is undeniable; hundreds of schmoes lined up for a free poke at her, but how many of those same horny schmoes would choose Chong for a video-sex experience when someone such as Ashlyn Gere is available for the VCR date? But Chong is actually pretty cute compared to what must be Stephanie, a doughy thing with tits, a girly face and wilted, droopy balls hanging down below. This she-it sucks cock, gets fucked in the ass, even works its half-mast schween into Chong's channel. For dessert, a black-haired tramp with tits like hairless, albino coconuts is gang-banged in messy style. *Out of My Mind* is out of the erotic zone. —C. S.



Skin: The Third Degree

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Michel Ricaud; starring Keisha, Gyn Seng, Joy Karin, Yves Baillat, Dominique St-Clair, Marie Noelly, Dominique Soine and Siegfried. Videocassette: Eurotique Entertainment.

The edgy, black-and-white photo of a whip-tied, supine blonde on the box cover of *Skin 3* implies XXX contents that should have the moody sophistication of a Calvin Klein perfume ad (without the homo fashion sense). Rather than European mystery and eroticism, however, this video consists most abundantly of scenes that feature American porn pre-eminence Keisha. She's as plush and comfy as a pimp-pink 1973 Cadillac DeVille; her eyes really do light up when she gets within whiffing distance of a dank doodle slot, and when it comes to getting reamed, face-sprayed and fucked poo-poo-hole raw, Keisha is a real trooper. But it's a mockery of her hard-humping appeal to overdub her voice and moans *vith* a goofy European-accented voice—as the makers of this video chose to do throughout. In one scene that starts well, two bondage-minded Euro studs split a serpentine sweetheart with hair tinted hyacinth red, but they pull out from their DP and go limp without ever delivering the money-shots. *Skin 3* fails to pay off in most other scenes, and that's a shame. Eurotique Entertainment did a much better job in its previous *Skin* movies and in its sizzling series *Sex Tours of Bangkok*. *Skin 3* is a burn. —*M. A.*

SKIN: THE THIRD DEGREE: Real dykes eat Keisha.

The Backdoor Bradys

HALF ERECT. Directed by Mitch Spinelli; starring Stacy Nichols, Kaitlyn Ashley, Nina Hartley, Rachel Love, Dallas, Frank Towers, Jay Ashley, Michael J. Cox and Sean Rider. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

An attempt to parody The Brady Bunch, The Backdoor Bradys does not capture the look or feel of the original show, and it's not very funny. This is a pity for its sex performers, because in their speaking roles, all of them do a good job spoofing the Brady characters-especially Kaitlyn Ashley, who displays a likeable comic appeal as Jan Brady—despite the unfunny script. The sex performances—especially Ashley as Jan Brady fucked up the ass, her balloon-bouncy breasts and burst-popcorn pussy lips wiggling every which way-save this video from being a total clinker. Proving that the sexual allure of feminine pulchritude sometimes does improve with age, Nina Hartley-as Alice-guides Michael J. Cox's pud on a spermdrenched tour of her mouth and luxuriously upholstered rump. The awesome sex scene also illustrates how The Backdoor Bradys continually misses the mark. Any viewer who remembers the original Brady Bunch knows Alice wouldn't be sucking dick; she'd be jumping out of that maid's uniform trying to get a faceful of all that tasty Brady-girl tang.



THE BACKDOOR BRADYS: Whiffing Ashley's rump perfume.



Porno Bizarro

HALF-ERECT. Directed by uncredited; starring Napoleon, Amandazon, Margo, Les, Long Dong Silver and Toby Dammit. Videocassette: Glitz Video.

Humans have to stop and look when a gory accident occurs along the highway. Along the highway of life, that same impulse causes many people to stop and look when presented with the sight of human accidents—or freaks. In the time-honored tradition of carnival sideshows, *Porno Bizarro* is a video show of human sex freaks. "I got a mouthful of gummy bears!" declares a toothless frau, popping her choppers out and wrapping her gums around a thick negroid prong; a midget with Cro-Magnon features pleasures himself on a tall

blonde's oral and genital sockets; a husky dyke with a dildo sewn into her pubic mound fucks her gal pal; a transsexual with a cunt slit surgically carved into "her" groin gets gangbanged; and a half-dozen shorter snippets—including medical footage of a chick with three clit nubs on her hole, a legless man eating out a hairy clam—round out the atrocity. Porno Bizarro is not a pud pleaser. Many will find it a repellent and disgusting spectacle, exactly what people want to see when they tap the brakes in passing a road accident. —E. W.

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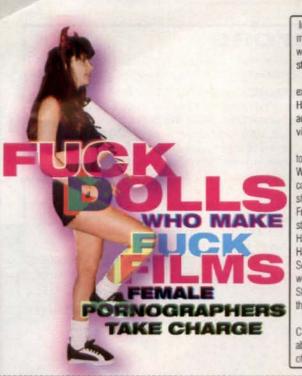
Smells Like...Sex

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Steve Perry, with additional sequences by Phil M. Noir; starring Jenna Jameson, Juli Ashton, Jon Dough, Shayla La Veaux, Kylie Ireland, Mark Davis, Nici Sterling, Tom Byron, Felecia, Lana Sands, T. T. Boy, Tony Tedeschi, Vince Vouyer and Wilde Oscar. Videocassette: VCA.

The message of Smells Like...Sex is that blondes love more cum, which is good news to anyone who wants to fling sperm at the visage of a flaxen-haired slattern. Sex starts with a garage mechanic tooling a compact, yellow-hair ginch, lifting her upside down for a suspended 69, with her fine ass clenched one nose-length below his oscillating nostrils. All warmed up, grease monkey pins cotton tail on her shoulders, with her holes in the air for a male-superior ramming. She jumps on his hard-on like she's hopping on a hobbyhorse; he slicks his dick from her slippery shitter and launches a load to her face, a pixie vision of ravenous desires framed by sweat-matted blond hair. Most of the fuck flick's numerous screws are similarly intense and attractive. Smells Like...Sex also features a "Smell-A-Vision" promotional gambit brazenly ripped off in substance and presentation from the early 1980s John Waters movie *Polyester*. Despite the purloined gimmickry of its producers, Smells Like... will open the nose of any smut aficionado looking to see the best XXX blondes currently available boned and blasted with wad. Sex's brunettes are nothing to sniff at either. C.S.



SMELLS LIKE...SEX: Jenna shaves the beard from her vertical smile.



In the feminist tradition of taking command in male-dominated fields, the professional women of XXX are getting off their backs and stepping behind the cameras.

"Be nice when you're tucking someone," explains porn-star-turned-director Jane Hamilton, summing up the erotic ethos she adheres to in the films she directs for raunchvideo behemoth VCA.

In the late 1970s, Hamilton was struggling to make it in the world of New York theater. When Christmas rolled around, and Hamilton couldn't scrape up enough cash to go home, she took a job performing in a live-sex show. From there, it was a splashy climb to porn stardom under the name Veronica Hart. Hanging up her strap-ons in the early '80s, Hamilton became a housewife and a Cub Scout den mother to her two boys, but the world of XXX eventually drew her back. Why? States Hamilton: "In what other field can I get the respect to write, direct and edit movies?"

As a photography student in college, Star Chandler explored "the pleasures of the abnormal" and "the politically incorrect theme of submissive women tied up in bondage." Chandler learned to do things with knots that would make an Eagle Scout blush, and her photographic series of rope-bound females was an unqualified success in terms of frightening the other students in her art classes. Chandler's unusual interests met with a warm, leather-scented welcome from the world of adult entertainment. Acknowledged as one of the best bondage "riggers" in the business, her films are available in the Consensual Erotica series through Harmony Concepts Mail Order (818 766-1448).

Fans of sex star Bionca imagine her halfnaked with a whip in one hand and a sexy gal pal's turd rings speared on the fingertips of her other hand. The truth is, Bionca is swamped these days directing films and managing the extensive operations of Exquisite Pleasures. Bionca was forced to cut short an interview to negotiate with several businessmen over the purchase of a computer-network upgrade. Any businessmen meeting with Bionca for hard negotiations had better hope she takes the gloves off; because when Bionca puts the gloves on, it means someone's asshole is about to get reamed.



Jane Hamilton.



Star Chandler.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Dallas squeezes St. Croix.

Internal Affairs

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Ashlyn Gere, Asia Carrera, Chasey Lain, Brittany Andrews, Jon Dough, Steven St. Croix and Dallas. Videocassette: Vivid.

Billed as Ashlyn Gere's final movie, *Internal Affairs* is a testament to the sex-hungry face, lust-snarling lips, heaving tits, booming ass, sleek, powerful twat and tireless work ethic that have combined to make Ashlyn Gere a favorite among the masturbating public, particularly among those pecuniary jerkoffs who demand true value for their porn dollar. *Affairs*, exactly like the mainstream Richard Gere movie of precisely the same name, is a police drama that hinges around interdepartmental squabbling and fiery sexual calisthenics. Jon Dough likes his work. He goes nose first into the ass of Gere. Steven St. Croix places his face between a sugary blonde's tight chair cheeks to tongue her pendulous flaps, A load of chum coats Gere's mouth. Slinky, exotic Asia Carrera buries a blonde's head in her silken twat, and Gere's last laps are on the cock and balls of Steven St. Croix. *Internal Affairs* will externalize its share of cum. —C. S.

Phantasm

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Asia Carrera, Jenna Jameson, Bridgette Monroe, Anna Malle, Selena, Goldie Star, Paisley Hunter, Steve Drake, Tom Byron, John Decker and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Those who remember the 1970s horror film *Phantasm*—the stalking retard, the brain-sucking ball-will be sorely disappointed that this XXX tribute has nothing to do with the original, from which it took name only. Hard-core Phantasm will also disappoint everybody who's merely looking for an okay dirty movie to jack off to. Asia Carrera and T. T. Boy play a couple that enters a house of erotic games to confront a series of sexual challenges—or so goes the premise. The film degenerates into a disjointed series of hacked-out fuck scenes. A promisingly unwholesome threesome with Boy, Paisley Hunter and Selena is set up, only to have the camera pull back behind a potted plant, where the view is blocked by a palm frond. Adding to the frustration are occasional moments of inspiration—the kooky-angle closeup of Carrera sucking off a stud's shaft while she pops it in and out of Anna Malle's oozing slit-that only serve to remind viewers and their spongy-soft prongs how bad the rest of the film is. -M.A.



PHANTASM: Boy, Jameson and Carrera doing what they do best.



HIENIE'S HEROES: Tedeschi hurls a hard-on at Hart.

Hienie's Heroes

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Taylor Hayes, Tera Heart, Roxanne Hall, Tony Tedeschi, Jonathan Morgan, Sofia Ferrari, Micky Lynn, Tom Byron, Coralie, T. T. Boy, Jessica James, Peter North and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: VCA.

Executives at NBC are baffled about how to make Saturday Night Live funny again. One easy fix for renewed hilarity might be to simply have the viewing audience take a look at Hienie's Heroes prior to "it's Saturday night" show time. After the zany comedy of Hienie's XXX send-up of Nazi humor, the stale, smug and dumb skits of SNL will seem more humorous than they ever really were. Seven or eight porn dudes, in costumes that include a baldie wig for Ron Jeremy, doing high-volume, low-watt schtick all at once will rob any man of his hard-on, even if he's just seen Peter North and Jeremy open and slam the portals of a pillowy, black-haired, mattress-back bitch who's lucky not to drown in the double dousing of cum that seals her mouth and nostrils. Brunet French import Coralie makes tangy tart faces while her shaven quim is crammed and fights another sweet lady's face for a rope of jizz; and T. T. Boy deep bones a choad-smoking chick's ass before dumping load on her teeth. But due to an excess of hijinks, Hienie's stinks.

—C. S.



HIENIE'S HEROES: Ferrari offers pressed breast bunches for a sprinkling.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Fully Erect

Superior, A top production.

Ass Openers #1 (TCKS Entertainment)

Kitty Monroe, Debi Diamond, Max Hardcore

Beaver and Buttface (Sin City)

Rebecca Lord, Kelly Jaye, Buck Adams

Gregory Dark's Sex Freaks (Dark Works/Evil Angel)

Stephanie Swift, Paisley Hunter, Tom Byron

Double Cross (Wicked Pictures)

Jill Kelly, Jeanna Fine, Brad Armstrong



Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

A Fairy's Tail (Totally Tasteless Video)

Gidget the Midget, Ariana, Jake Williams

Lip Service (Wicked Pictures)

Nici Sterling, Jenna Jameson, Brad Armstrong

Max World 2 (Xplore Media)

Lovette, Julie, Max Steiner

The Meat Man (Outlaw Productions)

Felecia, Rachel Love, Dave Hardman

Scrue (Vivid)

Chasey Lain, Shelby Stevens, lan Daniels

Working Girl Gang-Bang (Glitz Video)

Jordan Lee, Blake Palmer, Brett Singer



Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.

Ass Ventura: Crack Detective (Pleasure Productions)

Sid Deuce, Kimberly Kyle, Peter North

Dangerous Curves (VCA)

Celeste, Devon Shire, Woody Long

Sex Bandits (VCA)

Kaitlyn Ashley, Missy

The Social Club (Legend)

Rachel Love, Debi Diamond, Dick Nasty

Where the Boys Aren't 7 (Vivid)

Christy Canyon, Janine, Jenna Jameson

Work of Art (Legend)

Olivia, Jessica James, Bobby Vitale



One-Quarter Erect

Poor. Don't expect much.

Pierced, Punctured and Perverted (Filmco)

Jamie Lee, Dixie Downs, Dick Nasty

Shave Tails 4 (Metro Home Video)

Gina Delaney, Patricia Kennedy, Alex Sanders

Totally Limp A waste of time and money.

Dragxina: Queen of the Underworld (Metro Home Video)

Chris Cline, Adam Young, Kalina Lynx

Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Brittany O'Connell, Buck Adams



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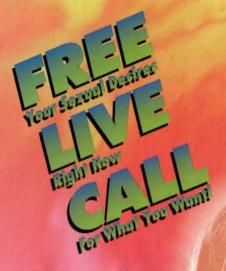
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

personally feel that your cartoons lack "good taste." Seeing two African American males lynched from a tree and tied together to make a hammock for a Klansman does not make me see the so-called humor in any way. Also, as to the "Fuhrmanator" cartoon: Where is the humor? Help me to understand it. —M. B. U.S. Army

Cartoons are not always meant to be funny. They also offer social commentary, which can touch sensitive chords, as these clearly did with you. Deep feelings are brought to the surface, and they're not always pleasant. Many Americans would prefer to ignore ugly truths and bad feelings. We don't. As long as painful issues exist in society, it will be our duty to address them.

Go to Hell

The reason why I am writing is to tell you I am concerned about you. Perhaps you have a wife or daughter and you discovered that she was in one of your magazines. Wouldn't you be upset, knowing that many lustful men are looking at her with desire? You also might agree that God, our heavenly father, would be upset too, knowing that His child performed this shameful and degrading exhibition. Anytime we use others for our own sexual satisfaction without love, this is an abuse, which is a serious wrongdoing. Your business jeopardizes your and your readers' eternal happiness in heaven and will lead you to eternal misery in hell. If you are concerned about your soul, contact the nearest Catholic church. The priest will welcome you wholeheartedly.

—D. and S. South Suburban, Illinois

Who said we use others for our pleasure without love? We're overflowing with love. And if we do go to hell, we'll have plenty of gold-hoarding, altar-boy fondling priests there to talk to. Why waste time on Earth?

Oral Majority

I'd like to call your attention to a couple who were arrested for sidewalk sex. The old broad pulled down her undies, lay down and let the young goat mount her. An alert citizen spotted this duo on the Polish south side and flagged a roaming police car. My complaint is directed to the moralists in this country who denounce the sins of the flesh: big, lazy,

old, fat women who balloon up on food and do not respect themselves as to what they look like from all angles and do not enjoy the manipulations of the love canal of both sexes. Another group is the Daughters of the American Revolution and church ladies who talk both ways. They may condemn enjoying sex for pleasure, but they fail to criticize their own kind when they abuse themselves by ballooning up on luncheons, dinners, drinks and chocolate-covered cherries. These are the very same bitches who influence local, state and federal laws in regard to community standards of decency. Well, it's about time for the reading audience to take up a stand and condemn fat women who condemn the pleasures of sex, when the cost of health care for obese bitches is sky-high. —H. D.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

We've sent a copy of your letter to the two missionaries above.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER <u>Feedback</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

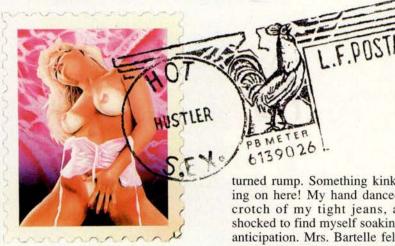








Hot Letters



PEEPING BEAUTY

I love peeping into my neighbors' windows almost as much as I love fucking, and I don't care if that makes me a dirty girl. Nine times out of ten, all I see is old people nodding off to Nightline, but that tenth peek is usually a doozy. Once I watched two teenage girls guzzle a bottle of cheap hooch, then employ the empty as a double-headed dildo; another time I saw a mild-mannered dentist piss all over his wife's smiling face. That struck me as pretty fucking perverted, but I'll admit I was in the bushes diddling my cunt for a good half hour afterward. The scene I witnessed last night will probably serve as masturbation fodder for the rest of my life-if I'm not driven insane by the memory.

I've been staking out the home of the Bartelles—a cute, churchgoing couple down the block-for months. She's a perky redhead with a heaving bosom that looks particularly awesome on her small frame. Her husband is a slim, good-looking guy with just a hint of menace in his dark, penetrating eyes. Something about the glances they shared told me there was a lot more going on behind those half-closed blinds than Bible study. I took a well-concealed, but hardly aromatic, seat behind the Bartelles's Dumpster and waited for the fireworks to begin. It wasn't long before the Mrs. walked into the bedroom, applying her lipstick—while on the end of her husband's leash!

"Doggy wants a bone," barked Mrs. Bartelle, quickly doffing her top and skirt. Crouching in a canine position, she appeared to be in danger of busting through her tight, lacy, black bra and garter. Her cascading, pale flesh was marred by bruises on her chest and up-

turned rump. Something kinky was going on here! My hand danced over the crotch of my tight jeans, and I was shocked to find myself soaking wet with anticipation. Mrs. Bartelle felt the same way, judging by the ease with which her husband slid four fingers into her steamy quim.

"Bitch," howled Mr. Bartelle, frantically gouging his wife's cunt. "Sit up and beg!" The fiery-haired sexpot obeyed, on her knees as her husband mauled her honeypot from behind. With his free hand, Mr. Bartelle alternated between tugging at his wife's blood-engorged nipples and yanking her leash violently. "I told you last time—stay perfectly still! Bad doggie, no bone!"

Apparently, Mrs. Bartelle was too distracted by the gushing between her legs to pay attention, because she unzipped her husband's fly and removed his angry erection. The veiny rod was lovingly licked and suckled by the canine housewife. Wet, noisy slurps filled the air, loud enough to mask my own heavy breathing. I was lightly fondling the hood of my clit in a vain attempt to stave



off the orgasm that built in my gut. Matters weren't helped much by the sight of Mrs. Bartelle's blood-red lips and sloppy tongue engulfing ten inches of cock meat. Most jarring was the look of absolute distraction on Mr. Bartelle's face, which only let up when he pulled a brown-paper bag out from under the bed.

He shouted, "Oh, all right, you insistent mongrel," and uncorked his crank from his wife's oral cavity. Reaching into the bag, Mr. Bartelle unveiled a beefy bone of a different kind—raw meat, straight from the butcher! He disdainfully threw the shank into the corner; Mrs. Bartelle quickly followed. She scurried down on all fours and tore into the bloody mess like a starving cur. With her bounteous butt wagging in the air, Mrs. Bartelle's tight bunghole resembled a target for her husband's throbbing member. Mr. Bartelle added to the effect by drawing a lipstick pentagram on her hind cheeks! I was definitely seeing something I shouldn't, and the jeans pulled down to my ankles were sure to impede any quick getaway. I couldn't stop sliding my middle finger in and out of my quivering pussy lips, not to mention the pointer I snuck into my rectum.

'Great Satan," intoned Mr. Bartelle, stripping off the rest of his clothes to reveal his taut, muscled bod. "Guide my seed to defile the moldering bowels of this blasphemous slut." Or something like that. I wasn't really paying attention, what with the spasms of climax that locked my vage around my probing digit. Bracing myself on a crate of old bottles, I bucked against the palm of my hand and rode through a rapid-fire string of orgasms. The sensation was so overpowering, I almost didn't notice the loud crash as all those glass bottles smashed to the ground. Unfortunately, Mr. Bartelle did notice-and he tossed on a robe to investigate. I was struggling to pull my pants up when he slapped a hand over my mouth, picked me up by the midsection and carried my half-naked form inside.

Mrs. Bartelle squealed, "A playmate!" and left the now-bare soup bone to dine on my clean-shaven snizz. She pulled me down to the floor and cupped my bottom in her soft but greedy hands. Between long, loving tongue strokes on my love button, she babbled, "What beautiful, blond hair...nice, wet pussy...small breasts like peaches!" Somehow she pulled off my T-shirt and

(continued on page 33)







Janine Raises The Stakes! THE PLAYER Pin-up Janine Lindemulder is a horny card shark. She

Pin-up Janine Lindemulder is a horny card shark. She finds exotic Asia Carrera's "winning hand" between her thighs. Hot blonde Jessica James bends over for Colt Steele's strokes. Yvonne gets it from Mark Davis' shaft and Janine's strap-on! Shot on film, 80 min.



Dyanna Lauren Takes It Off!

UNDRESS TO THRIL

Stripper Dyanna Lauren sees boyfriend Marc Wallice filling up Christina Angel. Tianna Taylor and Deborah Wells lock labes. Marc wins Dyanna back with buttery probes. Nick East and Jeannie Pepper meet at her backdoor. 78 min.



Does Celeste Get Fingered?

POISON

Mike Horner's hot on the tail of the killer. Is it Celeste? She was seen inhaling a big gulp. Kylie Ireland? She's been busy bouncing on a rod. Dyanna Lauren? Well, she was the last one to boink the victim. Mike'll find out...as soon as



he's through getting some head from busty Sally Layd, 81 minutes.

Exotic Asia Carrera!

CRAZY LOVE

Asia Carrera and Jonathan Morgan have writer's block—between their legs! Kylie Ireland "opens up" their relationship right there in her orifice, er, office! Sweet



April seduces Jonathan with oral lovin'. Anna Malle and Joey Silvera add spice on a pool table. 75 min.

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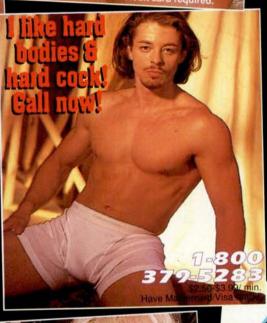
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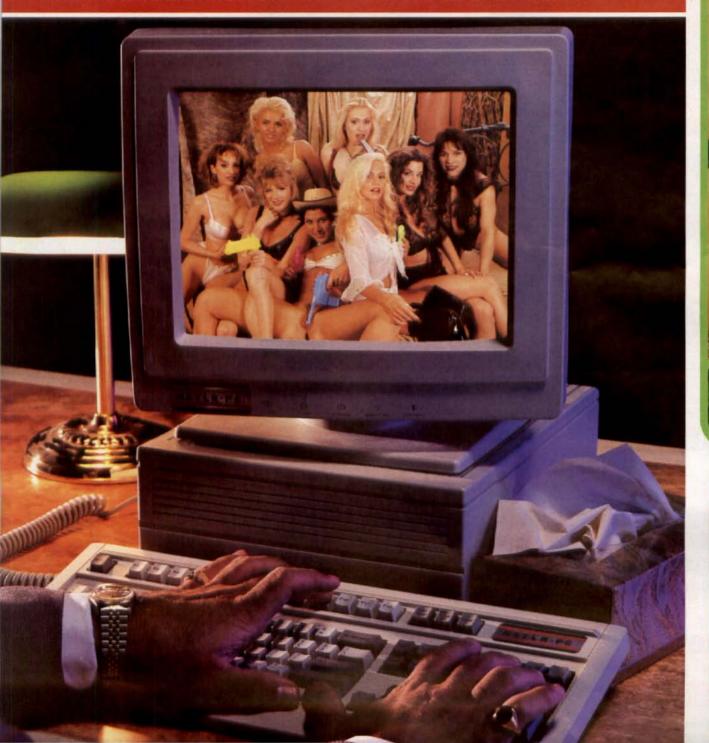




HUSTLER'S ONLINE HONEYS

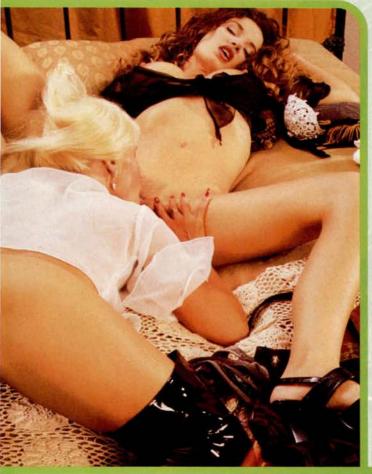
LIVE, NUDE AND INTERACTIVE

In the beginning, there was HUSTLER. Larry Flynt looked at this monthly magazine of humor, hard-hitting articles and the hottest pictorials the law would allow, and said it was good. From the ashes of the information revolution rose HUSTLER ONLINE. Larry checked out this electronic version of America's Magazine, with its expanded photo-sets and eye-popping graphics, and decided to make it even better. HUSTLER Live Interactive was born, an all-new feature where HUSTLER





Celeste gives in to database instincts and downloads Alana's crotch, while Baily smiles for the camera. The close proximity of their cubicles allows the girls to call each other over for everything from an informal coffee klatsch to an impromptu clusterfuck.





Baily shows off her software: a 486-33 PC with 4 megabytes of RAM, and a 9600 baud modem. That's all a caller needs for full access to video conferencing—and to Baily.



Getting girls naked has never been easier. Access HUSTLER Online and click on the video-conferencing site. Download the HUSTLER *Live Interactive* software and install while running Windows 3.1 or Windows 95. Users will be instantly connected to a smorgasbord of ready and waiting wantons.



The standard-issue camcorder, which can zoom in and move around the action at a caller's request. Attentive readers might also notice Tyler bending over to suck Baily's face.



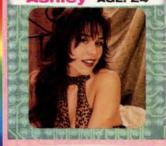
A housewife from Sacramento, California, Alana is soon to be featured in her own HUSTLER pictorial.

Baily AGE: 20



Described by her co-workers as the Wild One, this San Mateo, California, native loves swimming—at a nude beach.

Ashley AGE: 24



Born and raised in San Francisco, Ashley dispels countless stereotypes of *Star Trek* fans on the Internet.

Celeste AGE: 23



Steamy Celeste is another Frisco gal, with a love of nature and going au naturel.

more



Kelly left Seattle, Washington, to pursue her passions—fast cars and "the men of America's Most Wanted."



Believe it or not, sexy Lilia plays a mean game of chess undoubtedly a skill learned at the retirement homes of Palm Springs, California.



Huntington Beach, California, girl Alexandria says her hobbies are "karate and sex"—preferably at the same time.



San Francisco's tiny Tyler is a dancing fool, even when it's not for tips.

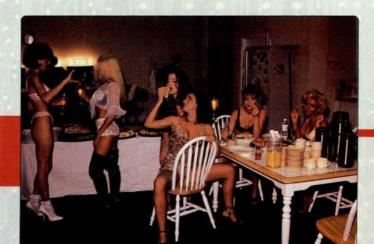


Pretty as a data-compressed, high-resolution picture: The makeup woman has Alana ready for her close-up, while Alexandria demands more rouge on her cheeks.



The fine print: Pricing is \$5.99 per minute, and most credit cards are accepted. Girls are available seven days a week, from 11 a.m. until midnight (Pacific Standard Time). Keyboard junkies can type commands back and forth with the model for the kind of hot chat that makes Congressmen pop Capitol boners; 900-number enthusiasts with extra phone lines can call their cybermates directly and listen and watch as these bodacious babes get their on-camera rocks off in real time.

This time, Celeste gets to shove a delicious, meaty, triangular slice into Alana's mouth. Isn't it ironic?





A toast: To Lilia's perfectly round scoops of mam, and one more look at Alexandria's best side.



Two hot blondes, Alexandria and Baily, sorting through the street clothes they doffed in such a hurry.

Those lips, those eyes, those legs that reach all the way up to an indescribably firm and shapely ass. Tipsy Kelly lets a day of dancing and diddling go to her head.





Anyone who hasn't dropped the magazine, fired up the PC and locked the den door, remember: The little darlings of this photo-feature are the very same Honeys waiting for the next computer call. Use these pages as a catalog and pick the chick to click on. Be a good caller, and these ladies provide rewards beyond Bill Gates's wildest dreams. For an eyewitness account of HUSTLER *Live Interactive*'s innermost workings, see Calvin Moore's report in this month's *Sex Play*.







Hot Letters "My asshole is ready for a rock-hard cock!" The satanic stud with the massive schween obliged, tracing the head of his royalty along the pentagram on his wife's posterior.

expertly massaged my tits without ever removing her mouth from my snatch. I responded by digging my fingers into her scalp and moaning in ecstasy. Mrs. Bartelle was an experienced muff-diver; within seconds, I was ready for another body-shattering holocaust of H-bomb orgasms. Mercifully, Mr. Bartelle jerked his wife's head out of my lap.

"This is no game for your perverted pleasure," he growled, tossing Mrs. Bartelle to the bed like a limp rag doll. "We gather here to honor the Evil One." When Mr. Bartelle grabbed the lipstick and roughly held my face, I knew he wasn't interested in a traditional makeover. Sure enough, he drew a pentagram from the top of my head to my chin, while his wife lay on her stomach and humped the bed, a woman possessed.

Mr. Bartelle lifted me onto his wife's back, facing her feet, and demanded, "Open her unholiest of holies." I caught on pretty quickly. Reaching between my legs, I kneaded Mrs. Bartelle's generous bum cakes in my palms, then pulled them apart to reveal her puckish, pink monkey hole. Out of mercy, I drenched my first two fingers in saliva and crammed them down her shit shaft; I couldn't bear the thought of anybody taking an unlubricated baby's arm in the ass. I even hocked a spitball between Mrs. Bartelle's cheeks for good measure. Appreciatively, her husband pounded his pud to full ramming girth in the corner.

"Cock," blurted Mrs. Bartelle, digging her nails into the pillows. "My asshole is ready for a rock-hard cock!" The satanic stud with the massive schween obliged, tracing the head of his royalty along the pentagram on his wife's posterior. Finally, he settled on her welllubed butt nut and forced in the first few searing inches. Mrs. Bartelle let out a wail like a tormented soul with a pitchfork up the pooper. I pulled her buttocks apart even further as Mr. Bartelle penetrated her sphincters to the hilt. The resulting screams were as bloodcurdling as they were loin-sizzling. I gyrated my crotch against Mrs. Bartelle's twitching ass, and hot pussy juice joined the stew of bodily fluids seeping into her crack. Mr. Bartelle picked up his pace accordingly, rapidly plunging his dipstick without mercy.

As I played horsey with Mrs. Bartelle's back, the afternoon's umpteenth climax shot through my nude body. I forced my boobies toward my gluttonous tongue and licked the nips while blissfully convulsing. Meanwhile, Mr.

Bartelle was building to a rumbling crescendo in his pendulous oysters.

"Hail, Satan!" he shrieked in a nearepileptic fit of rapture. There were a few more seat-searing strokes, and then he withdrew, leaving an ivory trail of spent spunk. Out of my mind with lust, I swallowed his dick head, savoring the tangy, battery-acid flavor, and then loudly felched the rest of his load out of Mrs. Bartelle's rectum.

The happy couple said I was the best bedmate they've ever kidnaped and offered me dinner at Foster's Family Restaurant—not to mention a church position as satanic high priestess. Unfortunately, my peeping takes up too much time. But the Bartelles did make for one -G. H. hell of an afternoon.

Houston, Texas

LEAF BLOWER

I used to hate the fall. Summer's over, which means I have to put on a shirt when my old lady and I go out. Selling ice cream from my van dries up once the kids are back in school; so I'm forced to seek another few semesters' worth of gainful employment. Luckily, my fellow driving buddy, Pothole, let me in on the scam of the century-raking leaves. All you do is walk around banging on people's doors until some old broad lets you rake up her front yard. The suburban saps are usually such a soft touch, you can bully them out of \$50 or \$60. Sissy, however, was a soft touch of a different kind.

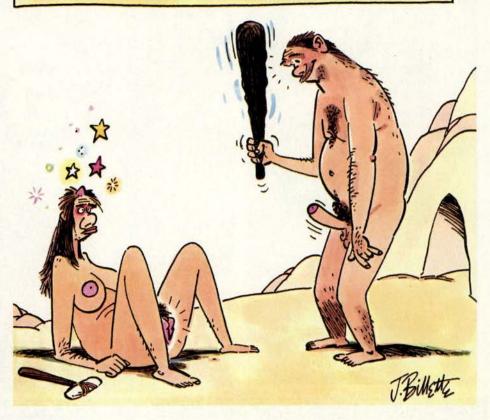
She answered the door in a flimsy negligee that brought one word to mind: Class. This lady was dripping with itfrom her tall, thin frame to her pale skin and buoyant, perky teats. Her sandybrown hair hung messily in her face, but didn't get in the way of her staring at the lump in my crotch. Licking her lips, she asked, "How much do you charge to use that thing to rake a pile?"

"I'll pile on top of you for free, baby," I answered, freeing my stiff johnson. Sissy's eyes bulged almost as much as my prick.

"I was talking about raking up a pile of leaves," she chided, dropping to her knees, "but what the mmf!" Sissy's chattering was cut short by the intrusion of my rigidity in her esophagus. She bobbed her head up and down the length, right there on her front porch! This was my lucky day, and I intended to make it last by indulging my favorite activity: eating pussy.

I laid Sissy on her side, and the two of

THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONNECTION: VIOLENCE AND SEX

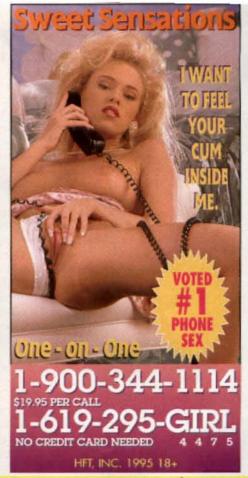


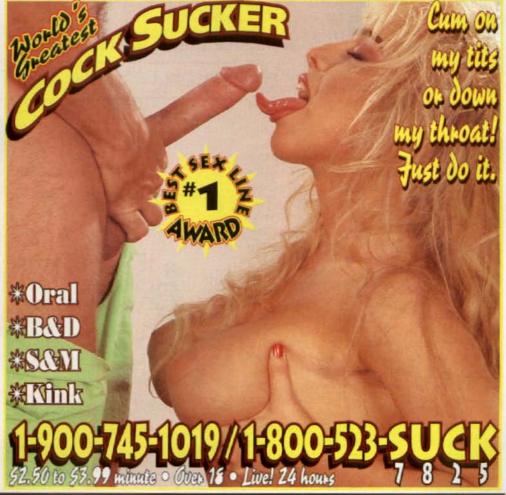












Hot Letters I lapped delicately around her puffy labes and slid a finger into her sopping hole. Sissy's cock-stuffed moans and groans egged me on to new heights of oral dexterity.

us fell into a noisy 69. Her legs clamped tightly around my head with the first swab of my taste buds around her pulsating pudenda. I lapped delicately around her puffy labes and slid a finger into her sopping hole. Sissy's cock-stuffed moans and groans egged me on to new heights of oral dexterity, biting and stabbing her gash with my tongue. The vacuum action around my member increased in intensity with my every suck of cunt.

Sissy came up for air, bitching, "This cement porch is fucking uncomfortable! Let's take it to my bedroom." I had a better idea. After a few moments, I raked us up a king-size bed of leaves that put the waterbed in my van to shame. Sissy was so touched by the romance of it all, she laid me down in the dirty pile, wet my dink with her tongue, licked my balls for a few minutes and then squatted onto the protruding erection.

"Jesus H. Christ," she sobbed, grabbing beneath her airborne butt to better guide my wood into her tight, hot twat. "This is the biggest choad I've ever stuffed up my flue! I mean, I usually fuck black guys, but I've never had to stretch my poon like this." I guess that was a compliment. There wasn't much time for questions as Sissy slowly ground against my lap, her womb full of my thick plank. I grabbed her hips and thrust into the hottest honeypot I've ever plowed, before or since. It gives me a woody just writing about that scorching piece of ass!

"Suck my tits," Sissy pleaded. I mouthed each mound in turn, teasing one nerp to the point of exhaustion and then tormenting its partner. Cradling my head in her breast, Sissy's breathing became ever more labored, then turned into a throaty growl. I pushed her onto her back without letting my wang leave her lower regions.

"Enough about your needs," I half-joked, hoisting her left leg over my shoulder. "Let's try things my way." I entered Sissy scissors-style, slamming my weight into the flying-V of her shapely gams. She furtively diddled her clitoris to match my every stroke. The brown, red and yellow leaves clung to her bare skin. I planned to add a color of my own—jizz-white. In the meantime, I nibbled at her feet, allowing my mustache to tickle Sissy's toes.

"Gonna blow," she screamed. "Fuck deeper, fuck harder, fuck—ohh...." With a loud sigh, a spasm shook Sissy's body; then she went perfectly limp and still with a weird half-smile, half-grimace on her face. I pulled out and added to the

strange expression with heaping dollops of nut sauce, a creamy glaze that sprayed like from a bursting dam out of my cock nozzle. After I squeezed out the last few pearls, Sissy's continued deathly stillness started to creep me out.

"Wake up, lady," I demanded, lightly tapping her sticky face. "Wake...oh, my God!" Sissy had no pulse. Although the doctors called me a hero for rushing Sissy to the hospital so quickly in my van, it was too late.

At the funeral, her ex-husband said

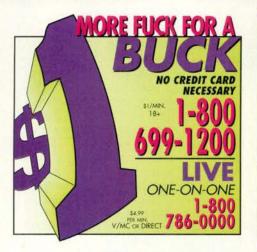
something that really made me think: To everything, there is a season. I guess the autumn is a time for leaves to fall from the tree of life—and don't they look beautiful when they go down? That's how I think of Sissy, who gave me more than a nad-churning hummer; she gave me an appreciation of the fall. —T. L.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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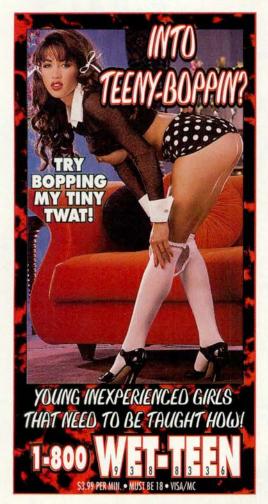
















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SEX PLAY

Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking.

Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Visit to a Brave Nude World A Day With HUSTLER's Interactive Honeys

By Calvin Moore

The era was the decadent '80s; a time when the voice on the other end of a 900 number often did belong to a bored housewife, and this HUSTLER scribe was still in high school. My formative years were spent the same way I am occupied as an adult: exploring uncharted territory on the masturbatory frontier. Sure, as a high schooler I beat off to HUSTLER, but I didn't stop there; Better Homes & Gardens, TV Guide and even Highlights were all fair game. A typical Wednesday morning at Linden High found cub reporter Calvin Moore excused from journalism class, riding the elevator to the basement-floor boy's room in order to jack off over the latest Newsweek.

Somewhat unusual, however, was the hot and horny nature of that week's edition. An expose of the spanking-new phone-sex industry was accompanied by full-color reproductions of 900-number magazine ads. What caught my eye were the phone numbers, which some saintly soul in Newsweek's art department left unobscured.

On the way back up, a red emergency phone under the elevator's control panel snapped me out of a postejaculate guilt complex. Could this phone provide access to Horny Heather at 1-900-LICK-IT? Sure enough, a sexy, breathy voice answered my call and cooed in delight at the description of my rippling biceps and 11-inch cock.

I came down with a sudden case of "chronic diarrhea" and was forced to leave class four or five times each hour. With one hand on the Door Open button, and the other hand on my schlong, I'd listen intently as Horny Heather licked my shaft, nibbled my balls and rubbed my rod between her titties. Then I'd shoot off all over the floor. This went on until Principal Williams received two whopping bills: one from Ma Bell and one from the com-

pany that cleaned the eleva-

tor's carpet. Upon issuing my sentence of a week in afterschool study hall, Williams admitted he was "deeply troubled that such filth is so readily available."

A full decade later, the old man's head is probably ready to explode. Now any mook with a computer and a modem can not only beat his meat to dirty talk, but also watch the piece of ass on the other end hump her hand in real-time video footage. I flew to San Francisco and spent an

entire day watching these luscious ladies whip their callers and themselves—to climax. And I even met Horny Heather.

"That's too hilarious," guffaws Marie Cox, Creative Director of HUSTLER Live Interactive. "Horny Heather was the first phone-sex company I worked for. I probably took your calls." Marie's not the Amazonian goddess she described herself to be all those years ago, but she's a petite and amiable blonde who seems unfazed, leading me through endless cubicles of women moaning in ecstasy. "This is just plain old phone sex," she explains. "The *good* stuff is on the third floor."

The good stuff is live video conferencing, the latest eruption on the volatile cybersex landscape, and it's all taking place in this five-story office building. Denizens of San Francisco's Market Street area would probably be shocked to learn there's a stable of scantily clad women in their midst—women who drop their drawers and mutually masturbate with a lucky, Net-surfing stiff for \$5.99 per minute. I'm more surprised by the contrast of the girls' airy work space to the dank depression of most strip clubs. Here, panoramic windows provide natural light, as well as a decent view of the city; a friendly collie runs from chick to chick, looking for a naked playmate to share his saliva-soaked bone.

Which, for some reason, reminds model Baily of the callers. "You get everyone from high-class gentlemen to slimy little perverts," laughs the zaftig, platinum-haired sex bomb. "I have one guy who always asks me to pee in a cup and pour it on myself. That's a no-no." If the rules regarding explicit live interaction were to loosen up, would Baily follow? "Why not? I just got out of a stripclub atmosphere where I was performing playpen dances and girl/girl shows nightly. Here, no guys are mauling me, and everybody's having a good time."

As if in giggling agreement, the chatter of Baily's coworkers fills the air. Most of the girls are just arriving for their six- to eight-hour shifts. Some make a beeline for complimentary champagne, provided to ease the potential tension of a HUSTLER reporter's presence. Within minutes, ten models are down to their underwear or less, lounging in the makeup area and sharing backrubs.

Andy Kaps, the harried Technical Supervisor, bursts into the room, an unwieldy tangle of cables in his arms. "Minor technical problems," he deadpans, charging through the gaggle of tits and ass. Although HUSTLER *Live Interactive* has only been in operation since January 15th, Andy's been kept busy by numerous equipment overhauls.

"Doing complex computer work while surrounded by undressed babes took a little getting used to," Andy admits. With an eye cocked toward the author, he adds, "However, I'm not just here for a free peek. Putting the girls at ease was my biggest concern; now I'm able to focus on making things run smoothly."

Andy does his job well. With a few minutes of reprogramming, the bug—which disconnected a caller the day before—has been exterminated. The morning's first caller is on the line, and Ashley—she of the big boobs and leopard-skin lingerie—beckons for me to join her.

"Pull the curtain behind you," she whispers, taking down the time and the caller's name—11:03 A.M. "HAMBONE"—in her notebook. Ashley reclines on a bed















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Oral Obsession - Centerfold sensation Janine Lindemulder takes phone sex to a new level. But her tease drives Brad Armstrong crazy. What better remedy than a blistering orgy with Leena, Kaitlyn Ashley and Rasha Romana.

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Sex Play Hambone's first command appears on Ashley's monitor: Take your clothes off quickly.

"Right to the point," Ashley notes. She frees her mams, and the rest of her outfit seems to melt away.

that barely fits between the dividers. Computer equipment and a camcorder take up the rest of the space, leaving a small area on the mattress for me to take a seat next to Ashley.

Hambone's first command appears on Ashley's monitor: Take your clothes off quickly.

"Right to the point," Ashley notes. She frees her mams, and the rest of her outfit seems to melt away. I watch Ashley's bouncing jugs reflected onscreen, where an inset monitor allows her to see the same image transmitted to her callers. At first, the frame-per-second motion is disconcerting. Soon I'm transfixed, watching Ashley's bare ass cheeks televised. I have to remind myself the real thing is bent over right next to me.

Just when it's getting good-Ashley cups her bulbous butt in both hands, then dances a few digits over her snatch—the overheated Hambone clicks off. The buxom brunette seems genuinely hurt.

"I wish guys wouldn't hang up without saying goodbye. It's hard to tell if they came or just didn't like what they saw." Low self-esteem notwithstanding, Ashley pegs Hambone as a caller of average length. "Most guys stay on for five or six minutes. The maximum call allowed is 20 minutes; we try not to rip off people who don't watch the clock."

Andy Kaps sees concern for customer satisfaction as good business sense. "We're trying to build a loyal audience that can expect courtesy and efficiency. Keeping up on the latest advances means we'll be able to add new features, like allowing the caller to control camera angles. Recently, we instituted phone lines for guys who would rather talk to a girl than type on the keyboard."

This hands-off approach seems particularly appealing when I walk in on statuesque Alana all but going down on a phone's mouthpiece. "Ohh," she groans, treating the camcorder to a close-up of her honey-colored pubes. "Is that what you wanted to see? You bad boy. I wish you were here right now, kissing every inch of my body." An earful of Alana's voice and an eyeful of her curvaceous, downy thighs is almost too much for me to take. I can't imagine what it must be like for the object of her affection, commanding the mega-uddered marionette to obey his every whim.

After following orders to get on all fours and suck her fingers, Alana cries, "Oh, no, not that!" I can only assume the caller has finally come up with a request as perverted as the ones racing through my mind. "Okay, okay, baby," murmurs Alana, Hanging up the phone, Alana sighs, "He had a call on the other line."

Call-waiting is not the only scourge of HUSTLER Live Interactive. There's also a small matter of rules and regulations surrounding explicit material on the Internet.

"The government won't be able to police the Web forever," opines Marie Cox, setting up the computer in her office for my own online experience with big-eyed former actress Lilia. Marie continues, "Hopefully, HUSTLER Live Interactive will push the boundaries a little further, because our signal is sent out over phone lines-not the Internet."

The screen springs to life, and Lilia is sitting before me, a broad smile on her pretty face.

To ensure my session is absolutely live. I start out with a request Lilia doesn't get too often: A close-up of her left elbow. HERE YOU GO HONEY, she responds, barely raising an eyebrow. The image zooms in.

YOUR OTHER RIGHT, I answer. It's live, all right. Lilia's keyboard patter is almost as hot as the sight of her gyrating hips. I figure I'll throw a curveball and see if she can keep up the heat.

I'M A 300-POUND COMPUTER GEEK, I type. In a flash, she has typed back, I THINK BRAINS ARE SEXIER THAN BRAWN, and slid one finger into her whitecotton panties. Lilia can even make a weight problem seem arousing. I pull out the big guns.

I write, I GET OFF ON URKEL: and this time, Lilia can't help but visibly laugh. Her response is a cagy, Bi GUYS GET ME SO HOT, followed by a hand under her bra. The woman is a pro, and I am completely won over. I WAS JUST KIDDING ABOUT URKEL, I insist. I'M NO HOMO. PLEASE BEND OVER AND SHOW ME

YOUR ASS. Marie Cox wisely leaves the room.

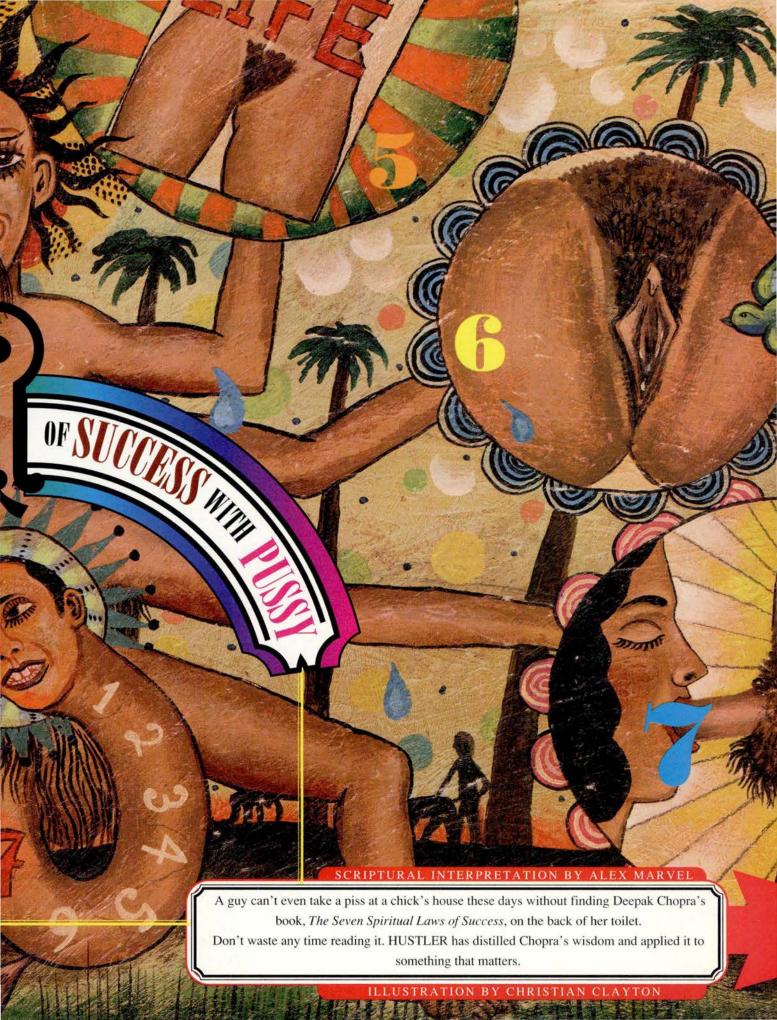
Outside Marie's office, the champagne bottles are empty. The girls plan a group trip to a local amusement park and declare Wesley Snipes the sexiest man alive. As I move from cubicle to cubicle, duly noting each snippet of conversation, I pick up on the muted sound of fucking. Pulling aside random curtains, I discover raven-tressed Celeste and small-framed peroxide queen Alexandria. sprawled out on the bed in a torrid 69. They fondle each other's flesh, barely noticing my stare until a dial tone signals their caller's departure, "We're not really supposed to do that," Celeste says in coy tones, pouring back into her G-string.

I bid the HUSTLER Live Interactive crew farewell with a promise to write often. And I do: at work, praying my supervisor won't walk in. Andy Kaps is working on a new program for office callers, who make up 80% of HUSTLER Live Interactive's clientele. Dubbed the Boss Button, this feature would throw a Microsoft spreadsheet up on the monitor with a single keystroke. Until that day, my only concern is a Visa bill that rivals the figure I rang up for Principal Williams all those years ago. At least the payment for this article ought to guarantee another month of calls.

HUSTLER Live Interactive can be accessed through the HUSTLER Web site at http://www.hustler.com, seven days a week, between 11 a.m. and midnight (Pacific Standard Time).







Pussy When a man gifts a pussy with his slurping tongue, the heavenly pussy reciprocates with a freely bestowed bounty of wriggling beatitude. To be selfless and suck a snatch makes a man feel good!

Introduction

We hear a person speak of spiritual matters. We look at that person, and we see one of three things: a reformed alcoholic rationalizing decades of misdeeds, a sagging actress fallen to infomercial limbo, or a book-selling charlatan bilking us out of our hard-earned unemployment check.

Spirituality is in ill repute. The worldly male hesitates to follow the divine laws of sexual fulfillment, but he should know better. The eternal principles of pussy, when applied correctly, will keep an enlightened dick buried in foamy snatch forever.

The word *spirituality* comes from the Greek root *spearos gyros*, meaning "nurture the sacred penis within, and the forces of creation will provide a hot, wet hole in which to stick it."

Success with pussy is the most valuable thing a man can achieve in this life. When we die, our money, our car, our hockey stick, all is left behind. However, ethereal essences of the vaginas we have known accompany us to the other side. The more pussies a man touches in his life, the better he will feel in his grave. The great fact about pussy is that you can take it with you.

The purpose of this article is to engorge the male soul's external antenna. A

wad consciousness is waiting, wedged between the thighs of willing, wanton beings of light and cum.

CHAPTER 1 The Law of Pussy Potentiality

To be obsessed with pussy is a man's essential state. If his mind is a playground for the infinite ways that the life force has of bringing pussy into his grasp, a man is exercising the Law of Pussy Potentiality. His acute awareness of snatch possibilities keeps a man alert to real pussy coming within his vicinity.

Unfortunately, modern man is often distracted from the universe of twat. His job, parking citations and the Stanley Cup divert his attention from the object that will do him the most good. A man must train his wandering thoughts so that they always return to the potential for bringing pussy into his life.

Applying the Law of Pussy Potentiality

Chant these three simple affirmations every morning, and also at lunch:

"I will be one penis in the universe."

"The universe is filled with potential pussy."

"I will be one penis in a universe filled with potential pussy."

CHAPTER 2 The Law of Giving Head

Everyone should know that to give is

to receive. When a man gifts a pussy with his slurping tongue, the heavenly pussy reciprocates with a freely bestowed bounty of wriggling beatitude. To be selfless and suck a snatch makes a man feel good! The spiritual man sees that giving head is its own reward.

Head is something a man can give again and again and still have much more to give. Giving a woman head is like sprinkling the seeds of life themselves. The more pussies a man gives head to, the more pussy he will have. Give the gift of head with energy. No pussy responds to a grudging rug munch.

Applying the Law of Giving Head

Put on a pair of dark sunglasses, look in the mirror and repeat three times:

"Everywhere I go, every pussy I encounter, I will offer the gift of head."

"Just for today, I will accept all the gifts that heady pussy has to offer me."

"I will make the commitment to keep pussy circulating in my life by giving caring, affectionate, joyful head."

CHAPTER 3

The Law of "Kumma" or Get It Wet

The third Spiritual Law of Success With Pussy is a doozie. Kumma, also known as Get It Wet, follows directly from the Law of Giving Head. Kumma is the notion that what goes around "kums" around. In practice, getting a pussy wet guarantees that the pussy will get wetter. Nothing makes a pussy wetter than being a wet pussy. The Law of Kumma only sounds complicated.

Spiritual channels must be lubricated in order to eliminate static and chafing. Once the lubrication has been applied, the channel exudes a slick moisture of its own, becoming wetter and more heavenly with every thrust of the applicator. The connection to wad consciousness is much facilitated by Get It Wet.

Wet pussy is happy pussy, and happy pussy elevates a man to a higher realm.

Applying the Law of "Kumma" or Get It Wet

Slowly sniff your pussy finger and ask yourself these three questions:

"Have I taken enough time to get this pussy fully wet?"

"Is there anything further I can do to get this pussy wetter?"

"Is this wetness sufficient to bring fulfillment and happiness to the pussy, and thus to myself?"

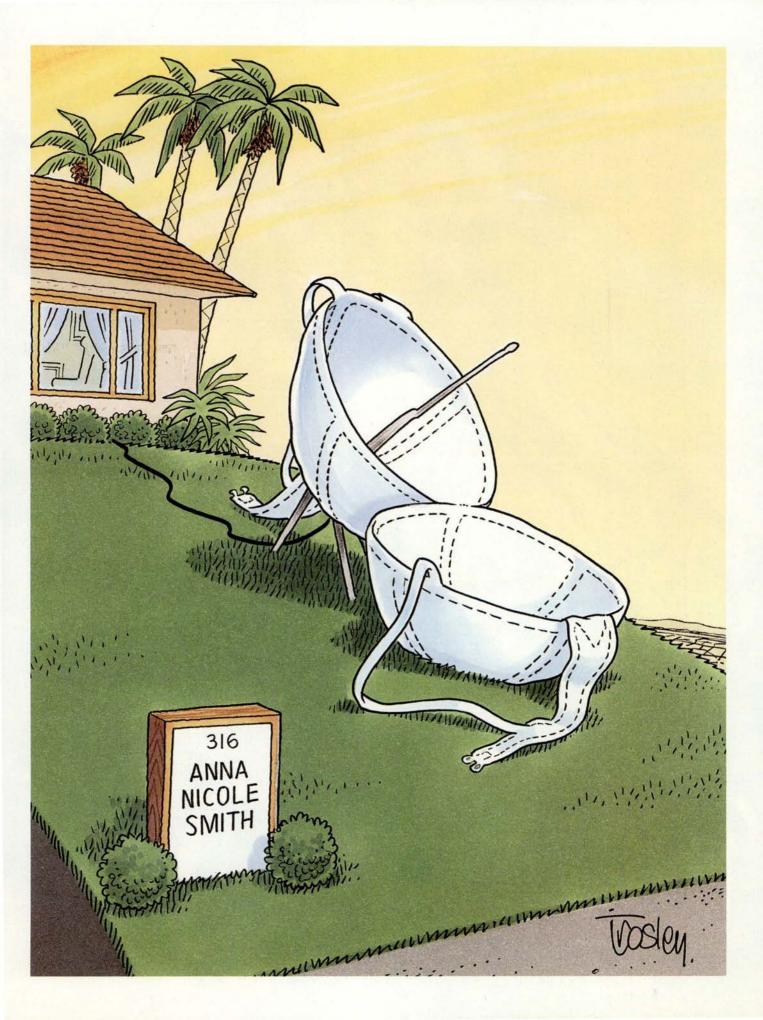
CHAPTER 4 The Law of Easy Lay

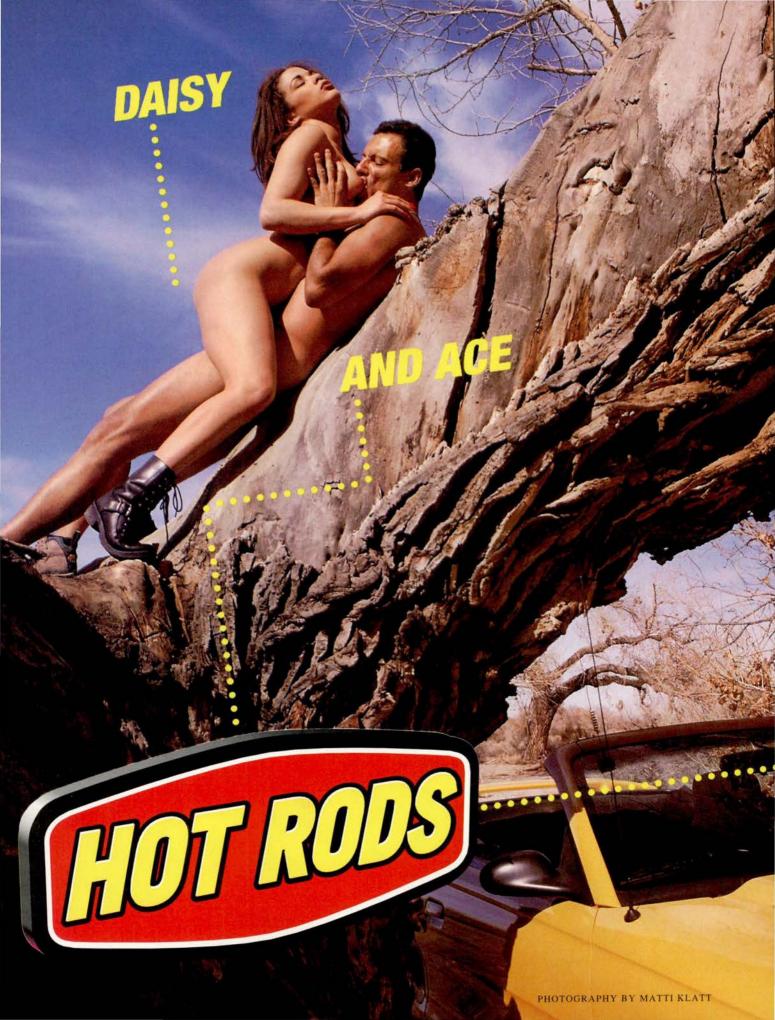
Nature has provided the universe with an abundance of pussy, but material man denies himself the riches of pelt.

(continued on page 52)



"A prince he ain't ... but he has a ten-inch tongue."







Daisy and Ace run stolen cars across the Mexican border. The risk is high, but the rewards are great. "We sell these rides for a lot of money," Ace allows, "but Daisy and I love the chase."
"My man races me into oncoming traffic," sneers tough-girl Daisy. "To get us off, Ace pushes around blind curves and ditches the pigs trying to stop us." Breathing heavily as she



describes their daring flights, Daisy grabs Ace's tool and works it full throttle.

What's the best part of escape?

Ace hits top gear and groans. "Getting past the point of no return and unloading your goods."





















(continued from page 42)

PUSSY The soul-rich man who makes his peace with available pussy becomes an increasingly attractive man. He draws charisma from every pussy he taps. Million-dollar twats gravitate toward him.

The spiritually blind man ignores the perfectly fine pussy in front of his nose in favor of unreal pussy on TV.

The vain man shuns the profusion of pussy in his own neighborhood and pines after super-models lolling about tropical beaches that he will never visit.

The rapacious overachiever denies the humble but sturdy pussy of his station in favor of a snobbish slit that far outclasses his given rank.

These men are as swine before pearls. The swine leave plenty of good pussy for the rest of us, we who are enlightened and live by the Law of Easy Lay.

The integral man embraces the pussy that is present here and now. He becomes one with that pussy; he merges with it and experiences a fire, a glow, a sparkle of ecstasy throbbing through every fiber of his living being and eternal soul. Does he care if this pussy is not attached to one of the cunts on Baywatch?

The evolving man realizes that display-piece pussy is merely an outside ornament meant to arouse envy from hidebound males. We must rise above considerations of status. Pussy aimed at impressing others is of less importance than personal pussy aimed at elevating ourselves.

The Law of Easy Lay contains a funny

irony: The man who joins his Kumma with the abundant pussy at hand develops a mien of ease and self-contentment. He becomes the envy of those baser men who aspire to parade a world-class piece on their arm. Furthermore, the soul-rich man who makes his peace with available pussy becomes an increasingly attractive man. He draws charisma from every pussy he taps. Soon, million-dollar twats gravitate toward his pussy-consciousness. It is no surprise that Easy Lay men end up communing with the trophy pussy as well.

Applying the Law of Easy Lay

To have the Law of Easy Lay working in your life is as simple as memorizing the following spiritual maxims:

"I will be open to accept all the pussy that this day brings me."

"Having accepted the pussy that I am given, I will treat all pussy as if it is showcase pussy."

"I will relinquish my need to pursue high-profile pussy and let it pursue me."

CHAPTER 5

The Law of Horny Does as Horny Is

Sexual arousal is the quickest route to an activated consciousness of pussy.

Inherent in every erection is the pussy for which the penis pulsates.

No boner is wasted if it brings its

bearer closer to oneness with pussy.

The human male nervous system is blessed with senses that impel man to see, feel, taste, smell and hear pussy. A true and honest man, if attuned to the universal vagina in a healthy vibe, is overwhelmingly aware of pussy. He cannot fathom that any separation exists between himself and pussy, even though the nearest pussy is six city blocks distant.

The true man's Horny Does energy takes a quantum leap through the time/space continuum. The essence of pussy is everywhere around him. He discovers a reflection of pussy in the palm of his very hand and finds that he has achieved a kind of release. He has an epiphany. In a flashing, white, blinding instant, he realizes that he must get laid, or perish.

Identifying our desires is half the battle of satisfying our needs. By using his mind to define his soul's erotic intention, the spiritual stalker activates his intuitive resources, focusing his motives on blending with the transforming power that is pussy. The honest male becomes at one with his path in the search for a transcendent, below-the-waist experience. He is on the prowl.

When a man submits his will to the Law of Horny Does as Horny Is, no obstacle can keep him from merging with a consenting, welcoming, rejuvenating pussy. Negatives exist only in the head; the penis knows no doubt. A hard cock is ignorant of insecurity and batters away a man's imagined shortcomings. Horny Does as Horny Is doesn't care that the seeker has pimples, that his credit cards have been rescinded, that he wears lift pads in his shoes. Horny Does as Horny Is screams that only one thing matters. The Law of Pussy Potentiality takes care of the details from there.

Applying the Law of Horny Does as Horny Is

Few disciplines are less difficult to master than the strictures of Horny Does as Horny Is. Merely take the following steps every waking moment of your life:

 Make a list of all the aspects that are desirable about pussy. This "pussy wish list" can be compiled mentally or tallied on paper. Keep it nearby at all times.

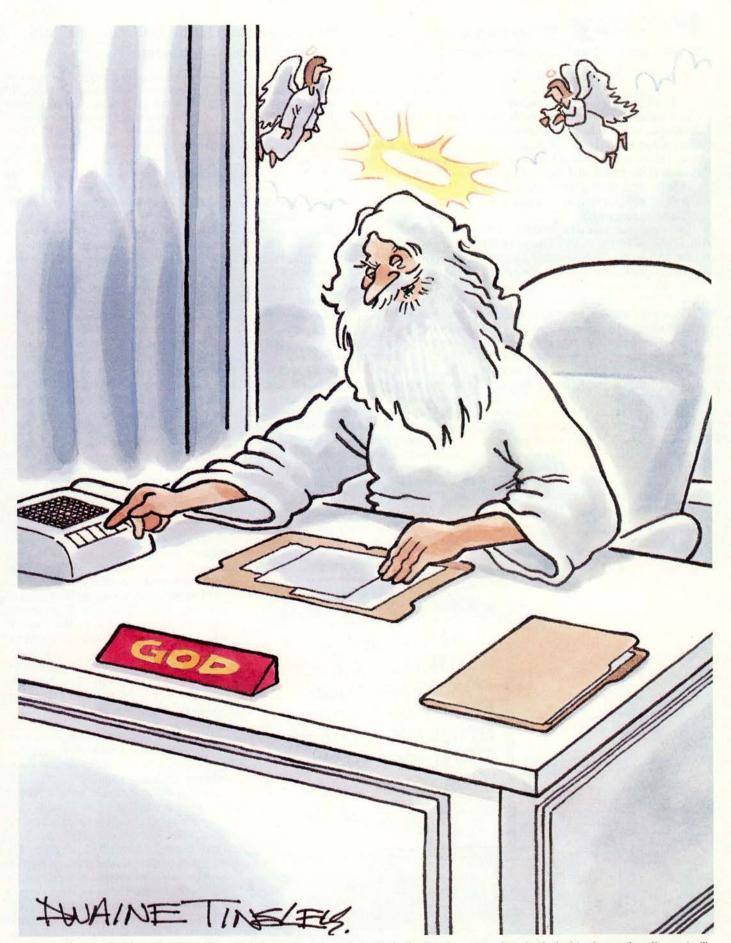
2. Frequently enhance the pussy wish list with visual aids, be they from magazines and videos or by sightings of pussy in stores, cafes, bars and strip clubs.

3. Remember that every blessing on the pussy wish list is real and eager to commune with a spiritually flush penis.

4. Consult the pussy wish list and at-



"Dr. Kevorkian? We were hoping you could expand your services to include healthy whites and Jews."



"Look, when Falwell gets here, put him with a butch homosexual. Anybody that intolerant needs to be fucked in the ass for all eternity!"

Pussy We need only immerse ourselves in the stream of pussy and trust that the divine pussy currents will carry us to a sheltered pussy pool fed by the cool splash of the fountain of pussy.

tendant visual aids constantly.

CHAPTER 6

The Law of Zero Desperation

In a world as rich in pussy as the one we inhabit, only a miserable, undeserving loser succumbs to the sin of desperation. Desperation is the doomed individual's peculiar lack of faith that the world gives a fuck for him. Sufferers displaying the stigma of desperation are shunned by gentle, affirming pussy.

Desperate sad sacks pride themselves on a life of bitter envy. They smoke crack and sputteringly espouse extreme political positions that are hostile to those humans who are washed in the

flow of cleansing pussy.

Do not be desperate. Creation has dispensed pussy like manna; there is plenty for all. We need only immerse ourselves in the stream of pussy and trust that the divine pussy currents will carry us to a sheltered pussy pool fed by the cool splash of the fountain of pussy.

Since pussy is everywhere, it is impossible to be anywhere other than to be where pussy is. If we are where pussy is, then an ever-changing parade of pussy is forever passing for our review. Any given pussy may be the pussy for us; if not, the one directly in front of her, or marching along behind, will be.

The chosen pussy may miss her connection if her corresponding penis is indulging in desperation due to dejection caused by incompatibility with a pussy that he has fixated on.

Fixations invariably lead to desperation and should be avoided like a pox. If a connection with a coveted pussy does not occur, that connection was not meant to occur. Many more pussy connections are waiting to unfold. Do not forfeit the cornucopia of pussy riches because you are moping for a twat that got away.

Applying the Law of Zero Desperation

Adhering to the Law of Zero Desperation is primarily a question of maintaining the proper outlook. Losing perspective? Consult these three basic reminders:

 No pussy does a man any good unless it was meant to do him good.

If any particular pussy is doing a man no good, it is one of the pussies that is not meant to do him any good.

3. Every no-good pussy has a sister, some other relative, a friend or a co-worker who is attached to a pussy that is meant to do you some good.

CHAPTER 7
The Law of "Quimma" or Pussy Is Life

The ecstasy and exultation of pussy is

the goal of all goals. Every challenge that man undertakes, all of his endeavors, his schemes and dreams, are in the greater reality devoted to the pursuit of pussy.

We must embrace our true Self, the inner pure spirit that is the Self that will burn in the heavens long after our earthly husks have dried and fallen away. The true, pure Self yearns to express the personality's unique talents in the conversion of pussy to a higher grace.

The Law of Quimma or Pussy Is Life leads us to discover that inside us is a sacred penis embryo that wants to be born so that it can rise and seek to stir the holy

pussy to a froth of divinity.

Without the purpose of pussy in our lives, existence is flat and meaningless. Without pussy, we are selfish and alone. Quimma is the guiding light that leads us out from our solitary isolation, that draws us into human communion, that compels us to ask ourselves, "What can I do for some other person today so that she will give me some pussy?"

Applying the Law of "Quimma" or Pussy Is Life

There is no disobeying the Law of Quimma. Pussy is life; nothing will be gained by trying to pretend otherwise.

"Today, pussy will nurture and draw out the sacred penis embryo within every

living man of us."

"Today, pussy will inspire every living man of us to exercise and expand our creative talents in our pursuit of pussy with our sacred penis embryo."

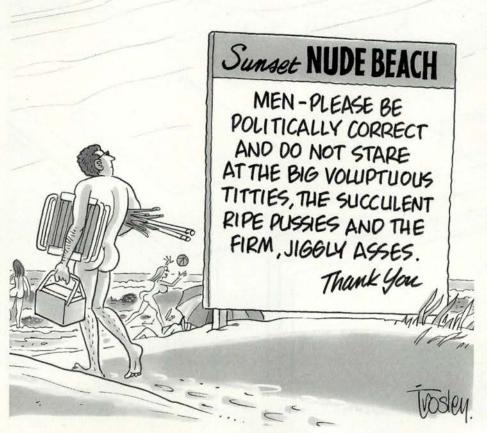
"Today, every living man of us will ask himself, 'How can I serve the pussy?' 'How can I help the pussy?' 'How can I satisfy my fully extended sacred penis embryo?'"

Answering these questions enables us to be much nicer to half of all humanity than we would be without the Seven Spiritual Laws of Success With Pussy.

Wrapping It Up

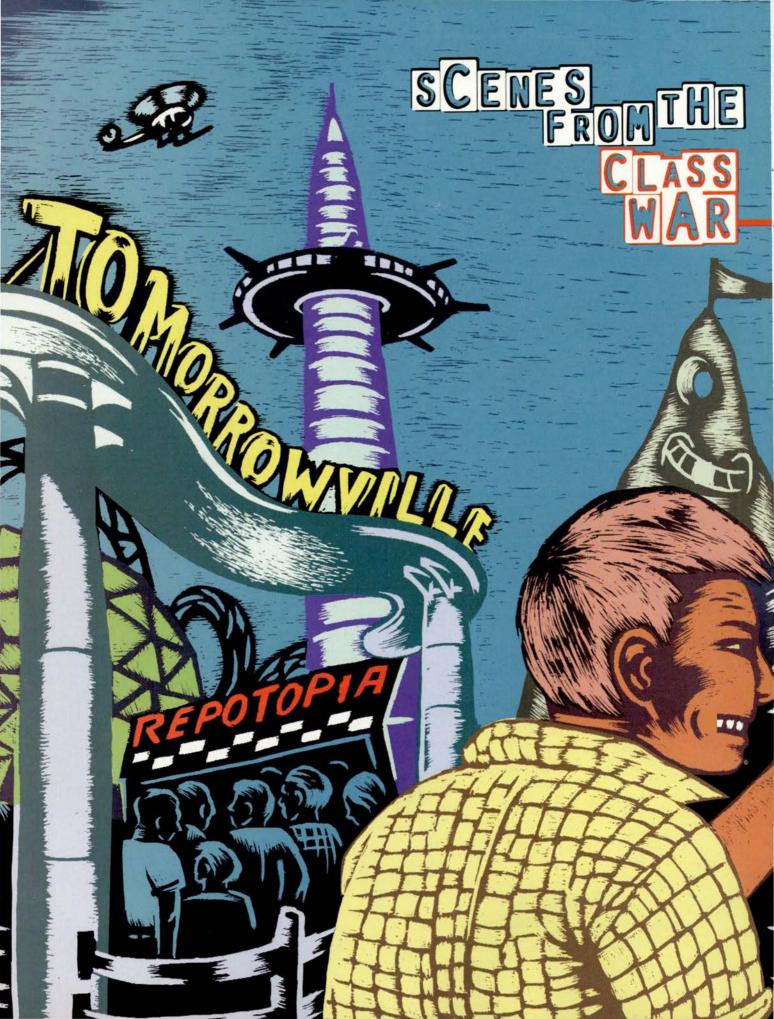
Everything that is alive has some connection to pussy. Cows give milk that pussy drinks. Horses are ridden by pussy rubbing high in the saddle. Even little bugs and cells of fungus have a part in the grand design that is pussy reality.

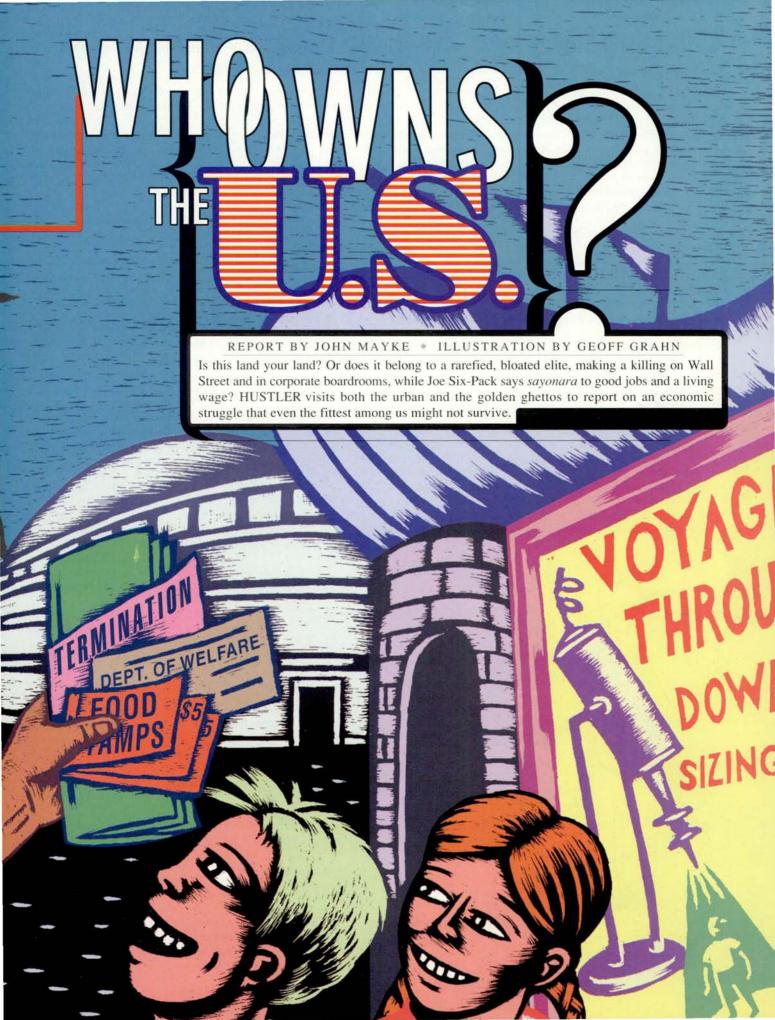
Pussy is all things, the cause of all states, good, bad and ugly. Pussy can drive a rational man mad, make a rich man poor, render the sober drunk. Pussy also can raise the most abject of us to a plateau we might only have dreamed of. The one sure way to rise with the convergence is to follow the Seven Spiritual Laws of Success With Pussy, given free and gratis from the gurus of HUSTLER. We know what makes life worth living.





"Christ...how Republican can you get?"





Class War "Nobody wants to talk about class warfare in America, but that's exactly what went on for 15 years. And the poor and the middle class have lost. It wasn't even a contest."

On March 8, 1996, America's class war flared on a weathered battlefield: the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Black Friday witnessed a 171.24-point plunge in the Dow Jones industrial average, the worst one-day decline in nearly five years. The cause of the free fall: a government report that 705,000 new jobs had been created in the month of February.

While working Americans welcomed the report as a sign of the U.S. economy's burgeoning strength, Wall Street reacted to the figures with alarm. Fearing that reduced unemployment might lead to wage inflation, bond and stock investors panicked, and floor traders started shedding shares like they were bailing water on a sinking ship.

The panic reveals the rift that cleaves the American economy: What's good for Main Street, USA, threatens the bottom lines of the fat cats that lord over corporate America and its playground, the stock market.

Tragically for the average working stiff trying to scrape by, the reverse is also true: The rich are getting richer at the expense of the middle class. Each time a corporation "downsizes" by laying off a large number of employees, traders send their stock prices surging. James Cramer, the president of the Wall Street investment firm Cramer and Company gives his "rule of thumb" in regard to a major purge of a corporate workforce: "We'll pay up to two dollars more per share for every 10,000 people discarded. I wish I could say I was joking.... But I'm deadly and morbidly serious. The presidents of America's major corporations make the same calculus I do every time they announce restructurings and downsizings.... We all have the same watchword: The more [laid off] the merrier."

"It always strikes me as funny," says Ralph, a Wall Street banker who requests anonymity. "Nobody wants to talk about class warfare in America, but that's exactly what went on for 15 years. And the poor and the middle class have lost. It wasn't even a contest."

A statistical box score tells the story of this defeat:

- The median income for full-time male workers has fallen from \$34,048 in 1973 to \$30,407 in 1993. In the same 20 years, per-capita gross domestic product (GDP) rose 29%.
- Between 1977 and 1992, the share of wealth owned by the top 1% of the popu-

lation—those with assets of \$2.35 million or more—doubled, from 22% to 44%.

- The top 20% of households received 76.3% of growth in income during the 1980s. The same one-in-five received 98.8% of growth in wealth. However, the remaining 80% of all households experienced a decline in wealth from 1983 to 1989, a trend that currently shows no signs of abating.
- In 1980, chief executive officers of the 300 largest American companies had income 29 times that of the average manufacturing worker. Ten years later, the incomes of those CEOs were 93 times greater and are still rising to heights that reach 140 or 150 times greater than the average Joe.
- According to the Economic Policy Institute, the richest 10% of Americans own 89% of total U.S. stock, making clear why the market's upsurges and downturns so clearly reflect the interests of the elite classes.

According to Lester Thurow, a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the poor and middle classes are losing wages due to competition from lower-paid workers overseas, technological changes that reward only highly skilled labor and "two decades of Federal Reserve Board policies of creating unemployment to fight inflation."

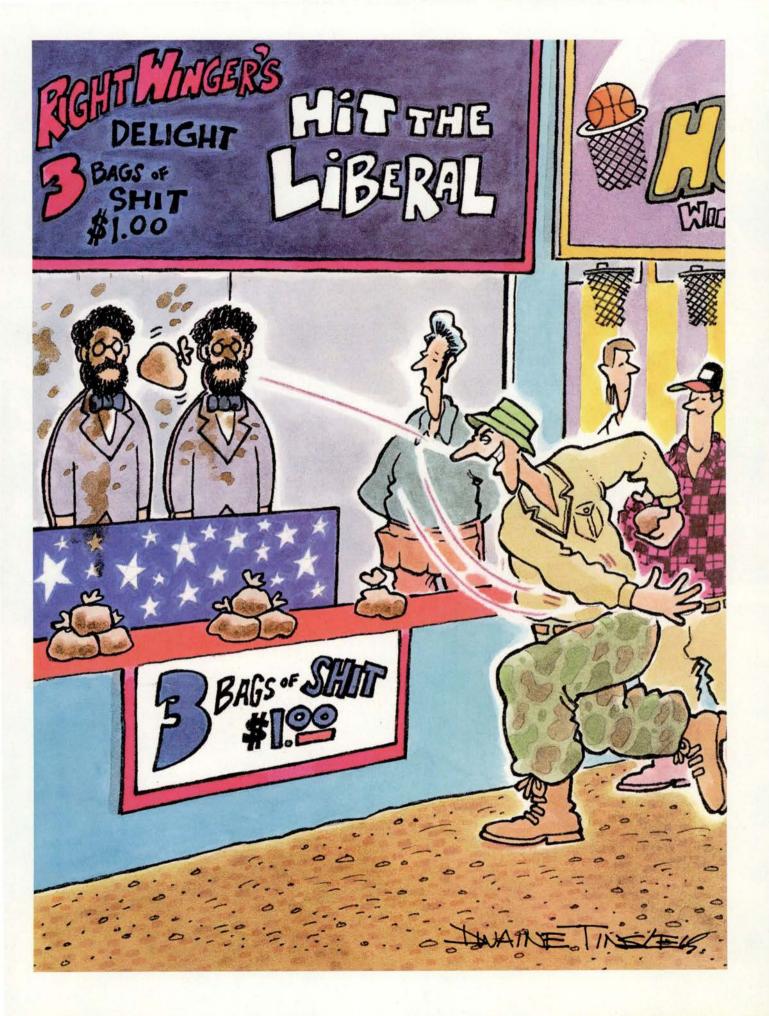
Perhaps more importantly, Thurow points to a fundamental change in the nature of the relationship between employer and employee in this country.

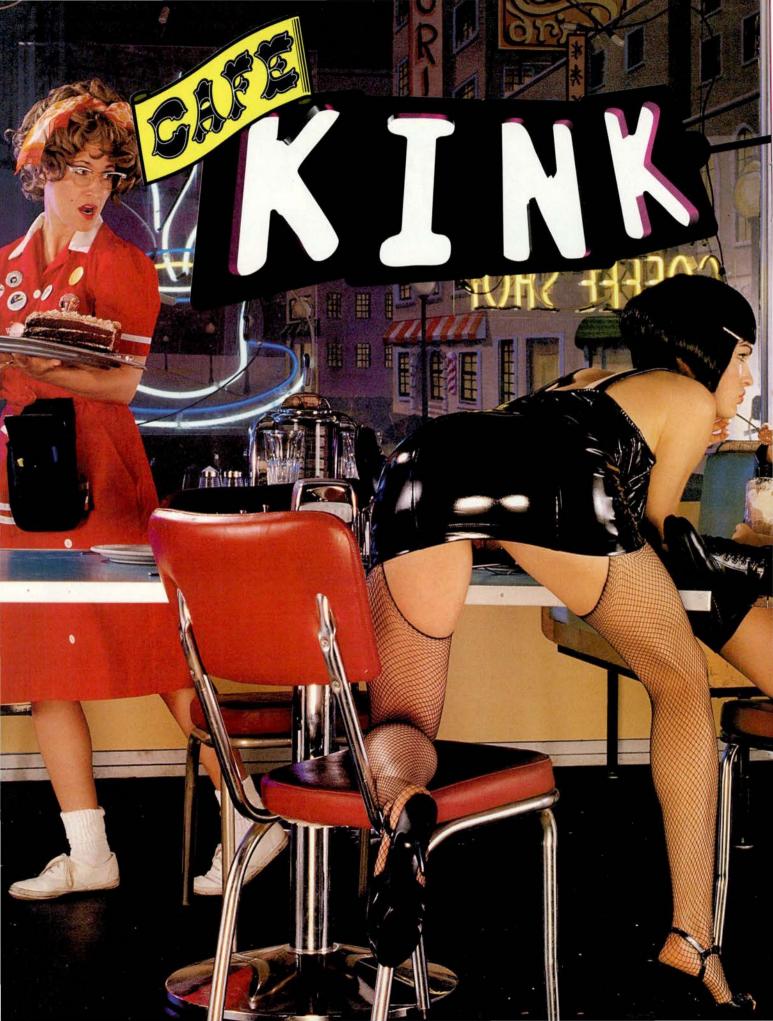
"After World War II, white-collar workers and managers came to expect lifetime employment with rising wages, assuming their firms remained profitable," Thurow says. "This implicit contract has been smashed by companies with high and rising profits that are nevertheless reducing wages, eliminating fringe benefits and permanently laying off hundreds of thousands of workers from what had been society's best jobs."

According to Wall Street banker Ralph, whose clients reap the benefits of this slackening of employer responsibility in the workplace, the social contract has been completely rewritten. "Nobody even talks about staying with a job for long-term anymore," he says. "Now it's assumed, if a company has a bad year or two, people are going to go.... Those people will be out the door faster than last night's trash. A company can boost profits in three ways only:

(continued on page 68)



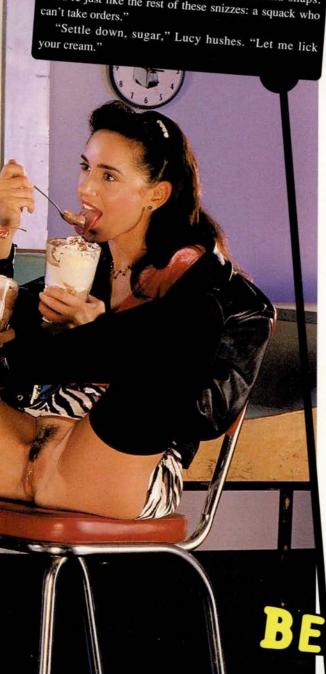




'That bitch forgot to foam my latte," grumbles Bettina, her black eyes shining with scorn. She glares at the frump behind the counter and mutters an oath: "Some girls need

Lucy gets hot. Fingering the wetness under her zebraprint miniskirt, she glides a hand across the tight latex that barely contains Bettina's swelling curves. An ivorywhite breast topped by a rock-hard nip springs out of Bettina's rubber halter. Lucy puts on a little-girl voice and whines, "Please don't get angry, Bettina. You promised to be nice tonight."

"Shut your hole, you dumb slut," Bettina snaps. "You're just like the rest of these snizzes: a squack who



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN



















(continued from page 58) Class War Rather than address the economic injustice that is at the root of our social instability, the rich choose to vilify the poor as people with a naturally "inferior, even criminal disposition."

increase sales, introduce a new product or cut costs. Which is the easiest, most reliable way to increase profits? Reducing payroll.'

Corporations no longer rely on poor profit margins as an excuse for laying off workers. As recently as 1991, 43% of companies cutting their payrolls cited "business downturn" as the reason for the purge. In 1995, only 6% of downsizing firms reported tough times as the cause of layoffs. Increasingly, corporate firings are a strategic maneuver employed by CEOs in both good times and bad.

Ralph explains that while cutting personnel six or 10% doesn't do a lot for morale around the watercooler, happy workers don't make a stock price jump on the exchange. "Big layoffs aren't even tough decisions anymore," says Ralph. "The top guys, 15 or 20 years ago, used to think, 'Gee, how would it look if we threw all these people on the street? Golly, someone might think we're mean.' Now it's, 'Get 'em the fuck out and tell the press we're more efficient."

Callous as this attitude may sound, the drive for efficiency at all costs pays off on the bottom line. While the economic climate for the American worker becomes more insecure, big business is booming in the midst of a five-year economic recovery. According to a report by the Economic Policy Institute, a think tank based in Washington, D.C., "after-tax profit rates in 1994 were the highest in 25 years.... Profit rates have increased even further in 1995."

The Institute concludes that the present recovery differs from every other economic upswing since World War II in one key respect: Wage levels keep falling. "The 1991-to-'95 recovery could be the first recovery where middle-class incomes did not surpass the level attained at the end of the prior recovery Between 1989 and 1994 there has been a continuous decline in real wages among the bottom 80% of men."

The simultaneous corporate boom and working man's bust is not mere coincidence. "Profits went up because firms were able to reduce their costs, essentially labor costs, and achieve their trend growth in productivity," the report states. "This cost restructuring permitted a rise in profitability even though there was no greater growth in efficiency or productivity over the 1989-to-'95 period than in either the 1970s or 1980s."

The drastic March 6 plunge in the Dow was just one small ripple in the widening circle of effect that emanates

from class disparity. A more concrete outcome is that a lopsided distribution of wealth will commence a slow slide toward what is known as a "two-tiered" society, made up of the very rich and the very poor, with only a frightened sliver of middle class in between.

Ominously, the distinguishing mark of the two-tiered system is the squalid and crime-wracked living conditions of the poor. Urban slums devoid of hope become breeding grounds for violence and discontent. Such disaffection in the masses can't help but pose a threat to the rich, who must insulate themselves from their dispossessed countrymen.

One of the country's most renowned economists, Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, predicts America's descent into a "less formal" variation of life in a Third World country, such as the Philippines, where the rich are forced to live in "golden ghettos," surrounded by fences and private security forces. "Aiding prediction," he says, "is the fact that the future, in some measure, is already here." Twenty-eight million Americans presently live in such gated communities, and this number is expected to double in the next ten years.

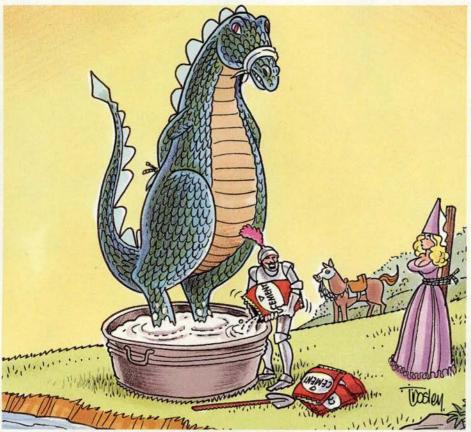
Galbraith notes that rather than address the economic injustice that is at the root of our social instability, the rich choose to vilify the poor as people with a naturally "inferior, even criminal disposition." This view sets the stage for an increasingly oppressive authority employed by those in power.

"A major answer to crime, disaffection and disorder in the central cities is now a call for heavier law enforcement, including a more extensive use of the death penalty and more facilities for detention," Galbraith says. "No other current situation produces such inflammatory rhetoric. This mood, in the event of still worse violence, could, in turn, lead readily to armed repression, first by the local police, then by military force the National Guard."

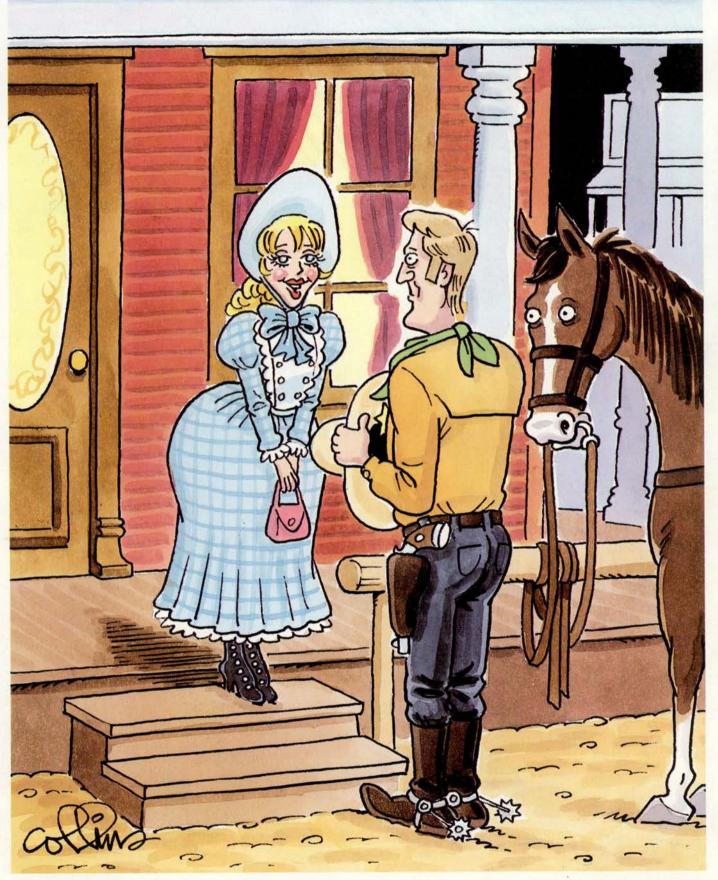
Rudy Naifeh is a Los Angeles, California-based activist working to organize a temporary-workers' union. He tells an anecdote that illustrates in microcosm the dangers inherent in the widening gap between rich and poor.

"The other night I pull into a gas station, and a rough-looking character approaches me with a paper cup in one hand and what looked like a tire iron in the other," he relates. "I shrugged him off when he asked for some spare

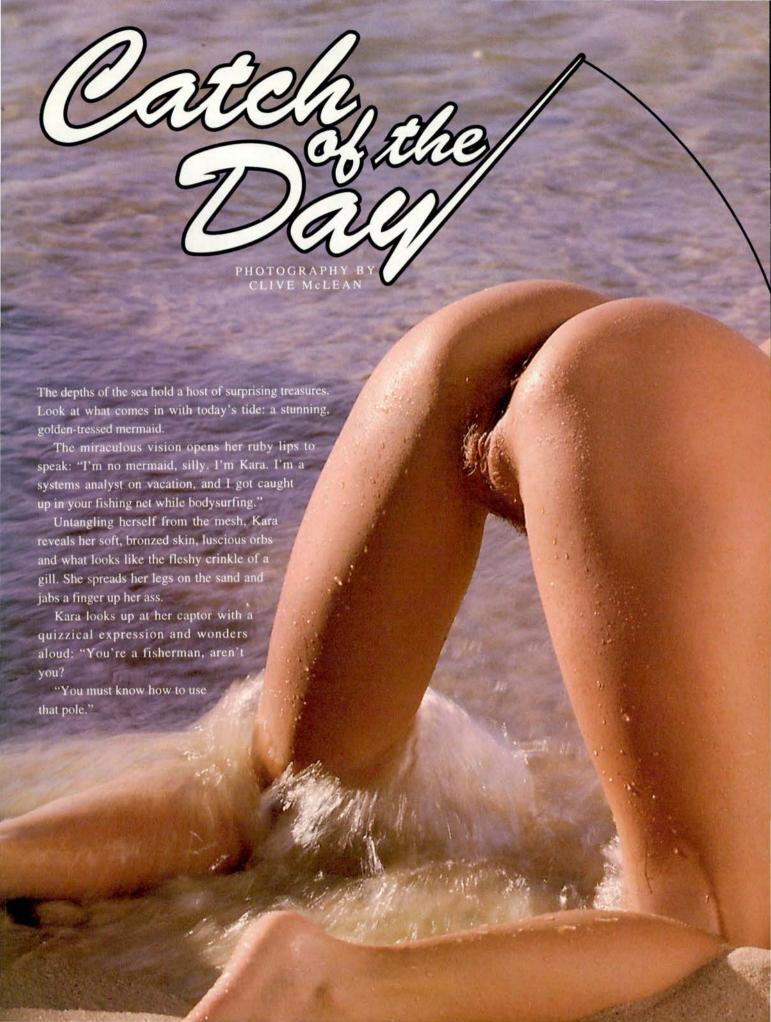
(continued on page 106)



"Well, this is the way the knights in the Rocco Mozzarelli family slay a dragon...."



"It was such a lovely evenin', Sheriff, I hate for it to end—why don't you come up to my room...and bring your horse."











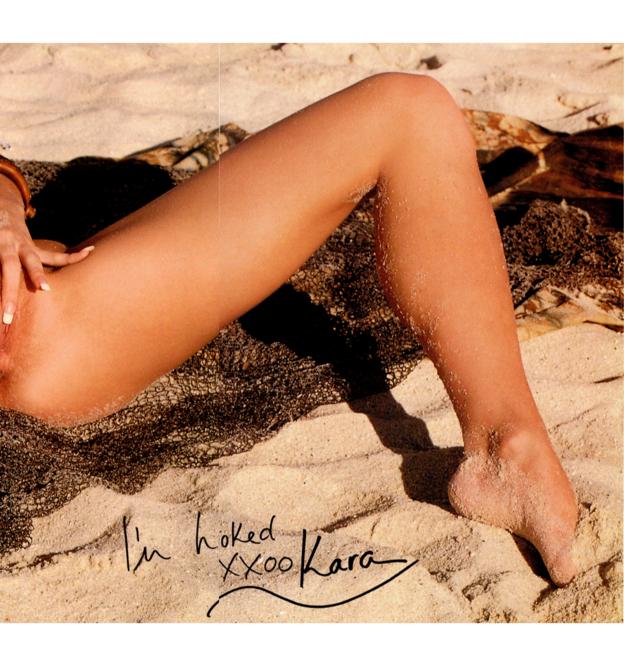




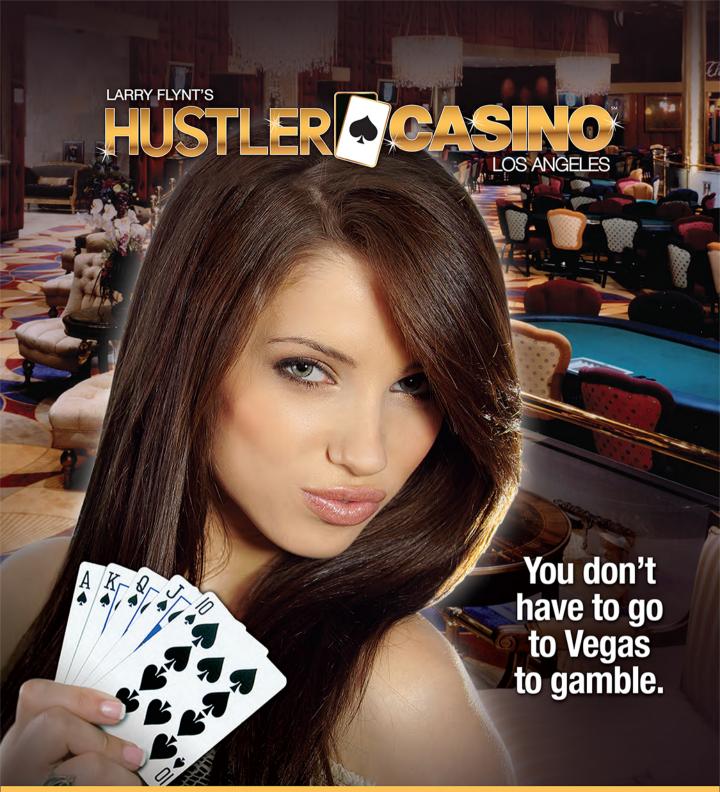








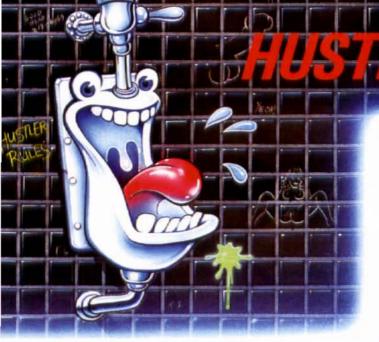




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Outside the truck stop, a flea and a body crab were sitting on the curb wondering what to do, when a tall blonde sashayed past.

"Bet you can't jump into her skirt!" the two vermin dared each other.

Both leapt at the same time, but after landing somewhere in the blonde's angora sweater, the flea crawled around for days unable to find his crab companion.

After two weeks, the flea had just about given up hope of ever seeing his friend again, when he spotted the crab crawling out from the waistband of the blonde's panties. "Where the hell were you?" the flea shouted with undisguised worry.

"Oh, man," the crab replied. "Right after you jumped onto her sweater, I landed in her pussy. I was just about to go look for you, when suddenly I'm in some truck driver's beard headed for Texas."

Question: What does a sexy, intelligent French broad get for sleeping with Newt Gingrich?

Answer: RU-486.

An elderly couple were playing bingo on a luxury cruiser when the captain of the ship burst into the banquet room waving a bullhorn.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the captain barked through the megaphone. "This ship is going down!"

In the ensuing panic, the captain leapt onto a table. "Please remain calm! The situation is under control. We are seeking a passenger who knows how to pray and feels highly confident about doing it in a crisis."

The old man who'd been playing bingo with his wife rose to his feet. "Sir, I know how to pray, and I have deep faith in God. I am extremely confident, crisis or not."

"Excellent!" the captain shouted, running up to the old man and patting his back. "You pray, and the rest of us will put on life jackets. We're one short." Two U.N. soldiers—a Frenchman and a Polack—were slogging through the forest on a patrol in the former Yugoslavia. In the distance, there was a rustling sound. A young girl scrambled out of some bushes and ran stark naked through the woods.

"Oh, oui! Look at that!" the Frenchman shouted. "She is so tasty looking; I could eat her all up in a spicy marinade of her own sauces. Surely, you know what I mean!" declared the Frenchman with a happy leer. "Is she not good enough to eat?"

"Yes, she is," the Polack said, raising his gun and shooting her.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines eternity as: four blondes waiting at a four-way stop.

An immigration agent came into a restaurant on a search for illegal-alien employees. He asked a suspect busboy his nationality.

"Si, I am an American," responded the busboy.

"American?" the agent asked incredulously. "Do you know the words to the Star Spangled Banner?"

"No," the busboy replied.

"Okay. You're American."

r. Wills and his pretty young assistant, Miss Smith, attended a convention in Chicago. Due to a mix-up at the hotel, they were both assigned the same room. No other hotels were available; so the pair decided to make do.

Alone together in the room, each chose a separate bed, then politely ignored the other as they got undressed and slipped under their respective covers.

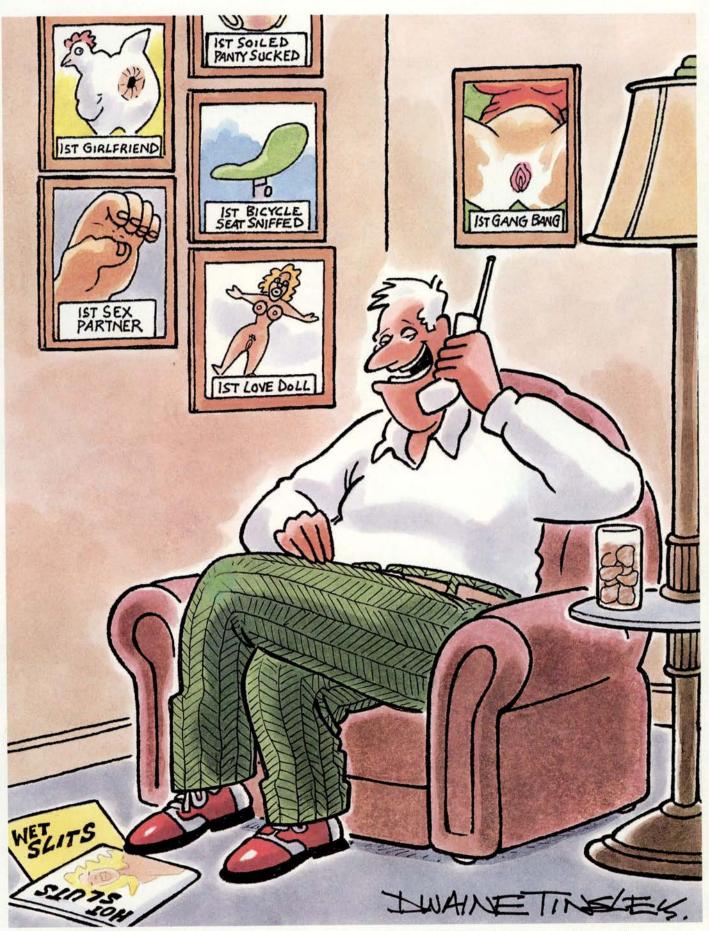
Miss Smith woke up in the middle of the night. "Mr. Wills," she whispered. "Could you do me a favor and bring me an extra pillow from the closet?"

"Look," Mr. Wills offered. "We're both adults, Miss Smith. Why don't we dispense with this formality and behave like man and wife?"

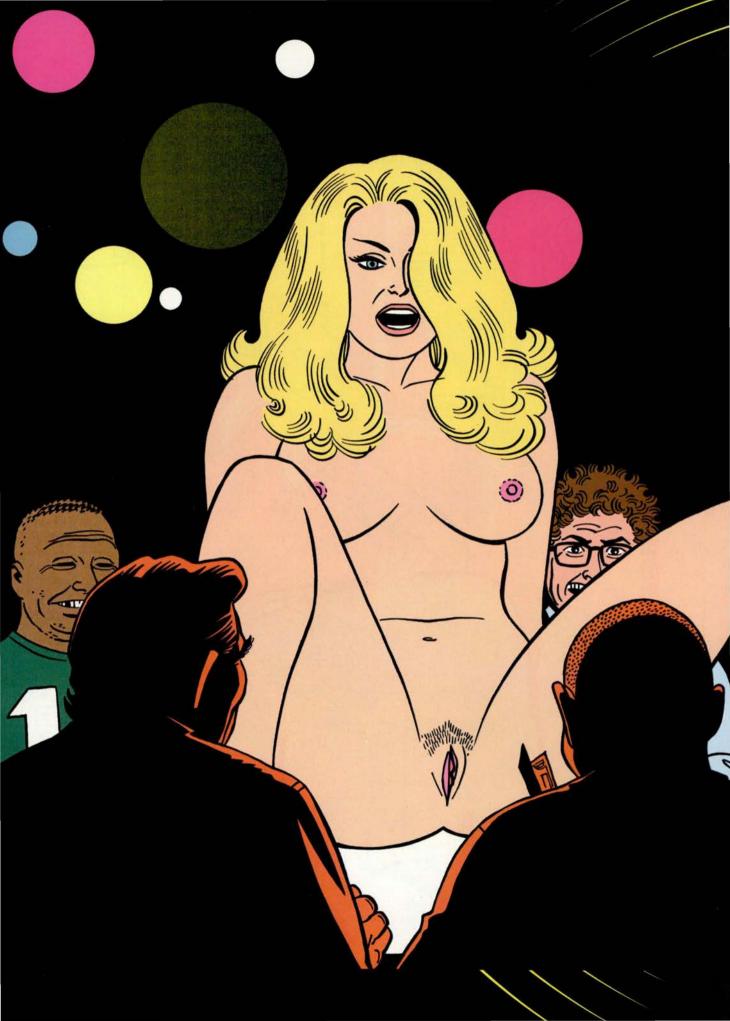
"Well, actually," Miss Smith cooed breathily, "I've been thinking the exact same thing!"

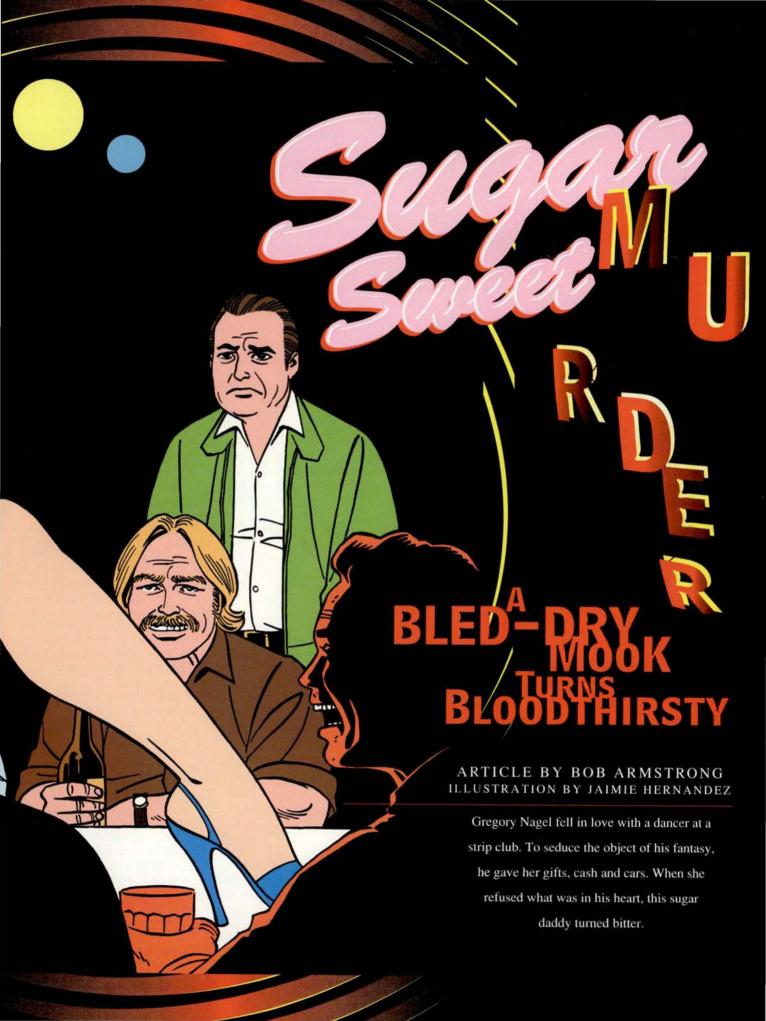
"Great," Mr. Wills responded, stirring comfortably in his blankets. "Then haul your fat ass out of that bed and get your own damn pillow!"

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"Oh, nothing much, John. Just catching up on some reading and thinking about the good ol' days...."





Murder Joejohnny is crawling on the floor when Nagel grabs her by the hair and aims the pistol at her head. He pumps round after round into her body at point-blank range.

At noon on September 3, 1993, Gregory Nagel pulls into the parking lot of a Seattle strip joint called Sugar's. He has \$400 in one pocket and a .38-caliber Grendel semiautomatic pistol in the other. Wired on anger and antidepressants, Nagel steps inside the darkened club looking for a girl.

A handful of men on lunch break inhabit the darkness, watching a dancer strut across a mirrored stage. In another corner of the bar, a platinum-blond beauty sits at a small drink table. She is 28 years old and has blue eyes. Her name is Minta "Joejohnny" Smith, and Nagel is in love with her. He is 47.

Nagel buys a drink and then pays the club ten dollars for the right to have a conversation with the girl he has been dating on and off for more than a year. Sugar's takes the money in spite of the fact that Nagel was in contempt of King County Superior Court the moment he set foot on the premises. In recent weeks, Nagel's behavior has become increasingly erratic, and he has been involuntarily committed to mental hospitals on two occasions after making suicidal gestures. Frightened and feeling threatened, Joejohnny has obtained a restraining order that forbids Nagel to come anywhere near her.

Nagel sits down at Joejohnny's table, and an argument ensues. He wants to reconcile. The \$400 in his pocket is for her. He asks her to come with him to a motel. She refuses and tells him to get out. Nagel pleads with her, then pulls his gun. Joejohnny grabs his arm, kicks him, tries to push him away. She yells, "Don't do it." A first shot is fired. Customers jump behind tables, and the other dancers run out to the parking lot.

Joejohnny is crawling on the floor when Nagel grabs her by the hair and aims the pistol at her head. The report of the gun echoes over the neon-lit catwalk as he pumps round after round into her body at point-blank range. According to a report by the King County Medical Examiner's office, the stripper's dead body was riddled with more than 20 entrance and exit wounds.

After killing Joejohnny, Nagel runs out to his car and grabs a knife he had brought with him. He proceeds to stab himself in the gut 17 times. Nagel then drives to his apartment, goes into his bathroom and stabs himself again.

Meanwhile, witnesses to the shooting call the cops with Nagel's licenseplate number. Two King County police officers arrive at Nagel's residence, and one approaches the apartment's bathroom window. He overhears Nagel talking to someone on the phone. Nagel is saying, "I'm done. I'm lying here bleeding to death. It will all be over with soon."

The cops radio for an ambulance and enter the apartment. They find the knife on the back of the toilet and Nagel curled up in the bathtub. As the policemen try to stanch the flow of blood, Nagel tells them that he doesn't deserve to live.

He survives.

Pam Dougal, one of the Northwest's first go-go dancers in the early '60s and later the owner of a topless club in Portland, Oregon, subscribes to one golden rule when dealing with her clientele: "I always tell these girls, you can play with their wallets, but not their hearts."

Joejohnny Smith broke this rule in her relationship with Gregory Nagel. Or, at least, she didn't know enough to distance herself from a client who was plainly investing more than money in a sexual fantasy. In either case, Nagel's heart was toyed with, and the heart is a violent muscle.

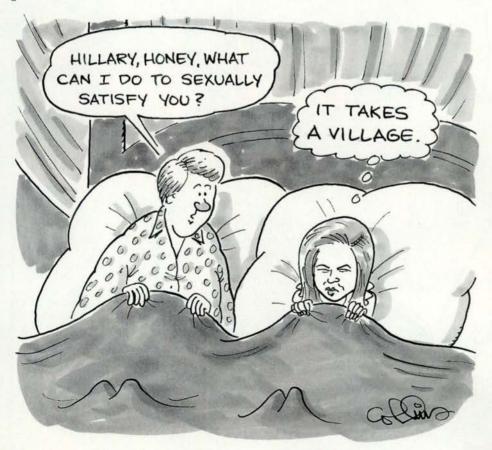
The two met in early 1992 at Sugar's Dance Club, where Nagel regularly spent his evenings. At first, he just paid Joejohnny for lap dances. After falling under her spell, Nagel started to treat his favorite stripper to more substantial gifts.

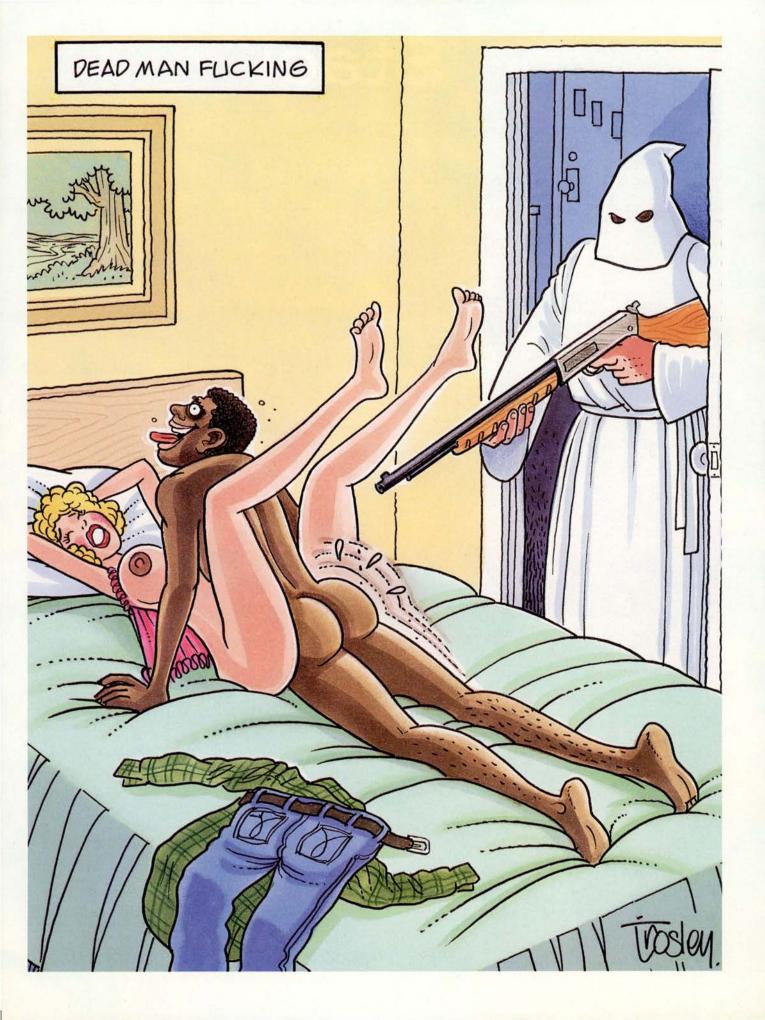
"Guys like him show up all the time," says Vivian Hansen, who also danced at Sugar's. "He's an older guy without much going for him, all excited about a beautiful young woman. It's a fantasy.... He was a fool to make something more out of it."

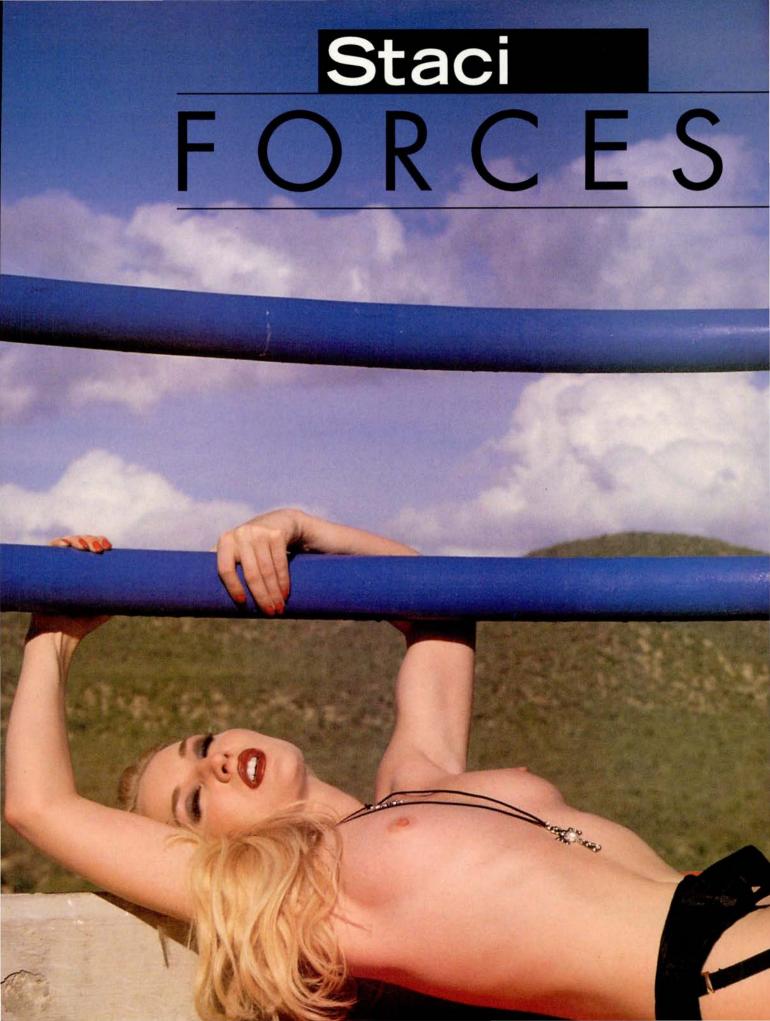
Foolish or not, Nagel's commitment to the fantasy became more and more real. Despite the fact Joejohnny was involved with another man, Nagel paid for her plastic surgery. He offered to help her buy a house. He also put \$3,000 down on a red '91 Alpha Romeo for Joejohnny, then co-signed the loan, taking partial responsibility for the \$550 monthly payment.

Most sugar daddies are honest with themselves about such cash outlays. The money buys the company and favors of youth and beauty. In an arrangement with a topless dancer, particularly one with a live-in boyfriend, any emotional pretense exists only as a facade.

But Nagel was different. For one thing, he was not a wealthy man. He owned a fourplex in the northern Seattle (continued on page 94)







of NATURE





















Murder The murderer's infatuation with Joejohnny was overwhelming. "She was taking him for whatever she could get. She was a real pro. The other girls looked up to her like she was a lieutenant."

suburbs and picked up income on three rental units. He wore clothes off the rack and drove a battered '79 Chevy Nova. He worked part-time at various jobs, including stints as a bartender and a bill collector, but spent most days playing golf.

In the hierarchy of sugar daddies, Nagel was "more like a sugar packet than a big box," says Nancy Thomas, a friend and co-worker of Joejohnny's.

Nor did the gifts Nagel lavished on Joejohnny produce the sexual returns he desired. A golf partner of Nagel's was quoted as saying: "Greg told me Joejohnny would not allow him to penetrate her, but they did make oral love a few times." Nagel also admitted to him that though he wasn't allowed to fuck Joejohnny, she would often tantalize him with detailed accounts of sexual adventures with her boyfriend. Her reticence with Nagel always contrasted with the passion she displayed for her live-in lover, who, according to Nagel's golf partner, "enjoyed fucking her up the ass."

In testimony during Nagel's murder trial, it was revealed that despite all the money Nagel had spent on Joejohnny, she still would charge him \$500 each time they had a sexual encounter.

"She really liked the guy in some ways," says Nancy Thomas. "But she didn't want to be involved with him.... I told her once, 'Just blow him off,' but she couldn't seem to do it It was like she pitied him. At the same time, she would shiver and make this squealing noise at the thought of him touching her.'

Joejohnny did not fear Nagel. He never attacked or threatened her. Other dancers could see Nagel was whipped with complete devotion. "She was definitely the one in control," says Thomas.

By the end of 1992, Joejohnny had tired of Nagel. The goodies he showered her with no longer seemed worth the hassle. She told him she had to drink in order to stand being with him.

Vivian Hansen says the Alpha Romeo was what kept Nagel in Joejohnny's life. "I told her to get rid of that car, but she said she needed it," Hansen says. "The car kept him coming around. It was one more little foot in the door."

On the witness stand in his trial, Nagel denied the relationship was based on money or gifts. He insisted that Joejohnny had told him many times that she loved him.

Nagel's golf partner says that the murderer's infatuation with Joejohnny was overwhelming. "She was taking him for whatever she could get. She was a real pro. The other girls at the club looked up to her like she was a lieutenant."

Nagel once proudly showed his golf buddies a picture of Joejohnny dolled up in over-the-knee leather boots and a miniskirt, then asked them what they thought of her. His friends told him she looked like a hooker. Nagel wasn't defensive. He didn't even respond. "He couldn't see it," says one friend. "He was blind."

"It was a spell that he had himself under," says Dr. Eric Jensen, a golfing partner of Nagel's who also treated him for depression. "He felt that she wanted to marry him and they'd get together and everything would be just wonderful."

As Joejohnny grew more adamant in her rejections, Nagel sought out and erratically self-administered a series of tranquilizers and mood-leveling drugs to cope with his despair. Nagel admitted to thoughts of suicide, but never evinced a vengeful anger toward the woman who drove him crazy. "I always had the feeling that the only harm he wanted to do was to himself," Jensen said.

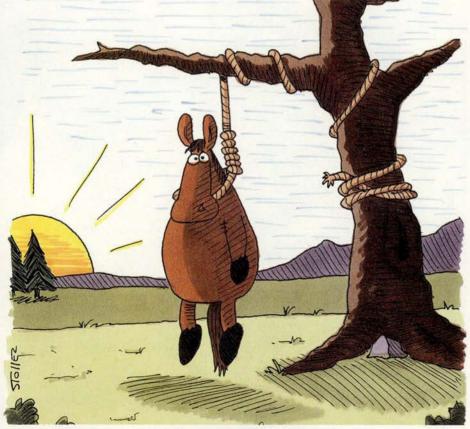
Joejohnny Smith grew up in McMinnville, Oregon, idolizing Marilyn Monroe. She cut out magazine photos of the Hollywood sex symbol and pasted them in a scrapbook. She saw all Monroe's movies and read all the books about her. Like Marilyn, Joejohnny was poor, came from a broken family and had a high but sultry voice that could melt a man. Joejohnny mimicked Marilyn's giggles, facial expressions and gestures.

"She was overwhelmingly beautiful," says a former boyfriend, Mark [not his real name]. "You couldn't walk into a grocery store with her without every head turning. It got to the point where she didn't even like to go outside. Men would whistle, slam on their brakes as she went by."

After quitting school at 17, Joejohnny took a job as a waitress in Independence, Oregon, a tiny town on the Willamette River south of McMinnville. "She met a guy there with some money and moved in with him," says Mark. "She was always attracted to money. She didn't care about keeping it, but liked it running through her hands."

Joejohnny moved to Portland when she turned 21. She had a few modeling jobs, including one spot in a television commercial for a tire company. Though

(continued on page 100)



"Warren didn't see the advantage to being hung like a horse."



"Hello, tower...don't know what happened...we had plenty of power for takeoff—then just lost it!"









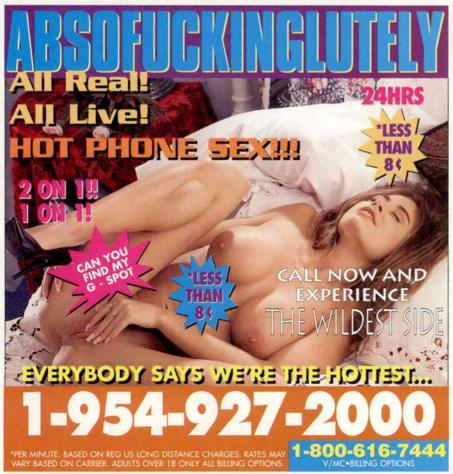






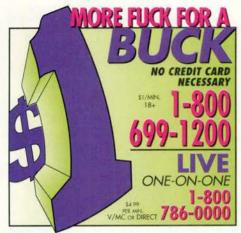
















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Murder "I killed Minta Smith when she told me for the 51st time that she did not want me around and she was going to get another sugar daddy."

she and Mark no longer dated, they remained friends. When she told him she had taken a job as a stripper, he told her it was a bad idea. "She paid no attention," he says. "But then, why should she? She was making more money than she'd ever made before. She made more than any of the other girls, sometimes three or four hundred a night."

In 1987, Joejohnny was working at Club Macombo in Portland, where she began dating the manager, who says he and Joejohnny were lovers from the time he met her in 1989 until her death. "She was a wonderful person," he says. "She was kind to everybody in the world. If a dancer had tears in her eyes because she wasn't making money, [Joejohnny] would give her money."

Joejohnny's old boyfriend from McMinnville paints a darker picture. Mark thinks Joejohnny's career in the strip bars destroyed her. In 1991, she moved to Seattle with the former manager of Macombo and started dancing at Sugar's. Six months later, she abruptly left Seattle and went back to Oregon to live with Mark. "She called me up out of the blue, said she wanted out," he says.

Mark bought Joejohnny some jewel-

ry and a car. They planned to marry. The day before the wedding, Joejohnny packed her things in the new set of wheels Mark had supplied and went back to her lover in Seattle. Mark never saw her again. "She had turned from a good person into a bloodsucker," he

Three days after the slaying, Gregory Nagel admitted his motive for shooting Joejohnny in a statement he made to a King County police detective. He said, "I killed Minta Smith when she told me for the 51st time that she did not want me around and she was going to get another sugar daddy."

Prosecutors in King County used this statement to portray Joejohnny's killing as an act of premeditated revenge. They charged Nagel with first-degree murder.

Nagel's defense attorneys countered with a stark description of the killer's mental state the day he walked into Sugar's with a gun. Due to his severe depression, Nagel had been medicating himself with a dangerous mix of psychoactive drugs, which included Halcion, Xanax and Lithium

His psychiatrist, Dr. John Petrich, testified that Nagel, who is a diabetic, would hoard medication, then binge. At the time of the murder, Nagel had discontinued his insulin shots and was gorging himself on candy bars and chocolate cake, sending his blood-sugar levels sky-high. Nagel told Petrich that in the days before the shooting, he felt as if he were walking through an endless, dark tunnel.

Nagel testified that, though he remembers going to Sugar's the day of the killing, he has no recollection of firing his gun. "I'm sure I had some anger," he said on the witness stand. "I'm sure I had some bad thoughts." He then insisted that he meant Joejohnny no harm. "My dream, of course, would be to be married to her."

Nagel went to trial twice in 1994, but two separate juries could not reach a unanimous agreement on either a first- or second-degree murder conviction. The jurors in both trials who voted for acquittal believed Nagel's defense that he was temporarily insane.

After the hung juries, Nagel pled guilty to a lesser charge of first-degree manslaughter. In February 1995, he was sentenced to six years and ten months in prison.

The night before Gregory Nagel murdered Minta Smith, he had a recurring dream. He and Joejohnny were trying to call each other on the telephone, but neither could get through.

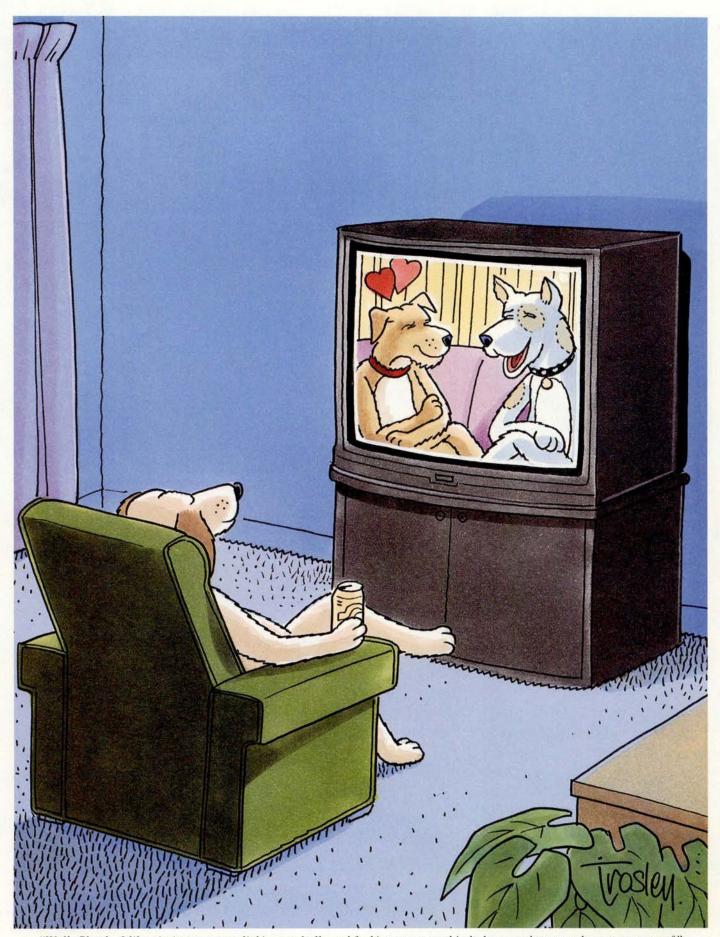
In his testimony during the murder trial, Nagel described a fantasy. He said Joejohnny once told him, "I want you to be with me so if I get sick you can take care of me." Nagel's attorney asked if that offended him. On the contrary, Nagel replied, "I wanted her to get sick on the spot so I could take care

The dream and the fantasy are the same: Both represent the illusory, frustrated connection between Nagel and the stripper he loved. In reality, Joejohnny wanted Nagel's money, not his care. She probably saw that Nagel couldn't even take care of himself. The dreamed-up wires that bound them together finally burned out.

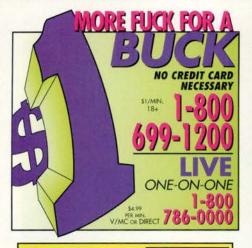
Awaiting the jury's verdict in his cell, Nagel gave his psychologist a more grounded assessment: He said, "I am human scum."

To Joejohnny Smith, who took him for what she could, Gregory Nagel was less than that. The last thing Nagel remembers before he fired his gun was Joejohnny's voice saying something she had said before: "You're nothing but a nuisance."





"Well, Chuck...I like pissing on trees, licking my balls and fucking any stray bitch that wanders anywhere near my turf."













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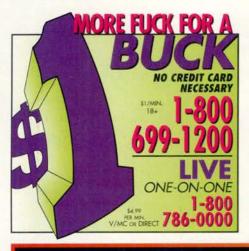
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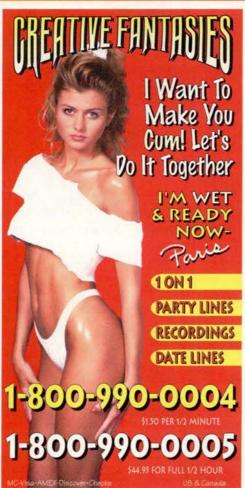














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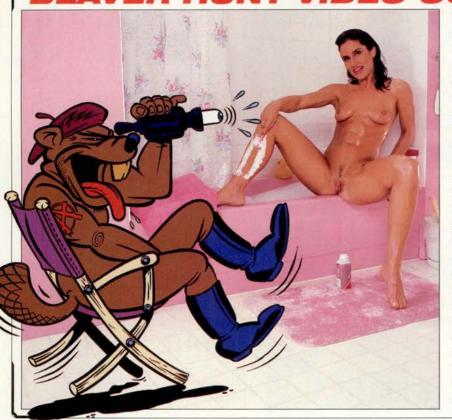
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Class War "If we let this pattern of inequality continue, the country ends up with a small population holding onto everything and a great mass of people with nothing to lose."

change; but as I walk into the mini-mart to pay, I hear him say something like, 'Your taillights'll be a lot safer if I can get me something to eat.'

"It pissed me off that I'm having to cope with this threat, when all I want to do is buy some fucking gas. But what are you gonna do? This guy's got nothing, and he sees somebody with something. He resorts to his ace in the hole: the potential for violence. I'm not saying it's right, but there's an ineluctable logic there."

For Naifeh, the deadbeat at the gas station is a foreboding symbol of what the present tendency toward economic disparity will occasion. "If we let this pattern of inequality continue, the country ends up with a small population holding onto everything and a great mass of people with nothing to lose."

Edward Luttwak, a fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, in Washington, D.C., sees the same powder keg developing, and he advocates a legislative solution that would safeguard worker security at the expense of a "turbocharged capitalism" that puts a premium on lean, mean

corporate efficiency.

"We used to have a regulated airline industry, a regulated oil and gas industry, agriculture, telephone—all regulated," Luttwak says. "The economy still grew, but it was full of impediments." Such government-imposed "impediments" prevented massive layoffs and helped allow the formation of strong labor unions to defend workers' interests.

Luttwak admits that the resulting limits on free-market competition lead to less of the "efficiency" that Wall Street investors prize. But he argues that in a country as rich as America, the gain in "tranquility" stemming from a stable middle class is worth the cost in stock price.

Recalling Naifeh's anecdote, Luttwak describes the benefits such regulation would afford corporate stockholders such as himself. "I would rather earn less, a little less," he says, "and be able to park my car without having to fear that I will be murdered."

Albert Dunlap, the former CEO of Scott Paper, whose stock price jumped 225% during his two-year tenure (which was marked by the layoff of 11,000

employees), vehemently disagrees with Luttwak's suggestions. He argues that government regulation would create a situation in which there are "too many people without real jobs," compromising a company's primary aim: profit.

"It's not a question of if we're efficient, we're hurting people," he says. "A corporation will keep the people necessary to do the best job and to grow. The people who are laid off are laid off because there aren't jobs for them. To keep them on the payroll, in fact, jeopardizes the jobs of the rest of the workers.... To say that we shouldn't be efficient? That's nonsense."

Dunlap advocates the no-holds-barred capitalism that offers no superimposed protections for the wage earner. In his view, profit is king and can be relied upon to trickle down to even the worker who is forced out of a job.

George Gilder, a fellow at the Discovery Institute, in Seattle, Washington, elaborates Dunlap's position. "The fact is that layoffs are a good thing," he says. "[They] are crucial to growth. The more layoffs in a particular

(continued on page 118)



Shannon is a 31-year-old executive secretary from White Plains, New York. Cybersex is her pastime, and group sex is her fantasy. With breasts round and perfect as smiley faces, Shannon dreams of having three dudes jerk off all over them, while three chicks lick the orbs clean. Come on Shannon, and come clean with every spurt.

Photo by Husband

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Sick people in Long Beach, California, can rest easy knowing that 26-year-old Emmone is on the job. When not unwinding with her favorite leisure-time pursuits-watching TV and making love-she works as a hospital ward clerk. Emmone has all the medicine she needs to relieve the achy stiffness of an untreated hard-on; look for it between her legs.

Photo by Fiance

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There's nothing like big, floppy tits mashed into a wet shower curtain, and Dee, a 37-year-old restaurant manager from St. Augustine, Florida, sends the photograph to prove it. Her sexual fantasy is to fuck a whole bunch of people "until the cows come home." This is an idea we greet with an emphatic moo!

Photo by Herself

A student from Fort Worth, Texas, Tasha is a 27-year-old who digs music, movies and traveling. If she could take an X-rated trip, Tasha would drive to the mountains and screw in the backseat of her car. Even from her bed, Tasha's mountain view will inspire hikers everywhere to kick off their boots, take staff in hand and go for a vigorous climb—keeping their eyes fixed on the twin pink tips of Tasha's luscious peaks.



Michelle is a 30-year-old housewife from Ontario, Canada. Sex on the moon is her fantasy of choice. Closer to home, Michelle shows off her personal landing pad for sperm-fueled meat rockets. Soft landings or hard, Michelle's is the ideal spot for a warm splashdown.



She's a 23-year-old dancer from Malden, Massachusetts, named Janel. She gets her kicks from a fantasy in which named Janel. She gets her kicks from a fantasy in which she's with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she's with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she's with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she's with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking she with a dude in a rain-drenched field; they're fucking a lightning strikes, Janel's sexual charge should make white, lightning strikes, Janel's sexual charge should make white, photo by Friend globular ball sparks fly from just about any photo by Friend



Cynthia is a 28-year-old nurse from Atlanta, Georgia. She works for those shapely legs, upturned chest orbs and rippling stomach muscles with a strict regimen of weight training, horseback riding and rigorous humping. She turns romantic with a dream of love on a moonlit beach, but fans of this photo will agree—a quickie in the backseat of a car or under some bushes by streetlight would do just as well in case that moonlit beach cannot be found.

Photo by Friend







For a glimpse of Heaven, look no further than this pearly white keister. Heaven is a 26-year-old Orlando, Florida, native who writes that she has no occupation. With a thick, juicy slice of happiness wedged between her thighs, and a HUSTLER magazine in her hands, Heaven offers everything a man could need—except for maybe another naked chick to help turn the pages in the magazine.

Photo by Boyfriend

Whitsett, North Carolina, is home to 23-year-old Mia. Mia's a dancer who's crazy about shopping and working out. When it comes to the down-and-dirty, Mia digs the thought of doing it on the ski runs. Watch the crevice on that final slope; skiers without pants have been known to Photo by Friend





Blond Shawna and brunet Michelle are 19 and 25, respectively. Both hail from Denver, Colorado; Shawna works as a hotel auditor, and Michelle has a position in security. Positioned here-locking legs and tickling twats-the two pals demonstrate a shared interest in well-lubed cunts. Their sexual fantasies cover a broad range of sleazy scenarios that include biker-gang orgies and dyke-pile mixers. No need to get fancy or complicated, these two have all they require for a rollicking good time right at their fingertips.

Photo by Michelle's Husband

Rena Nevada—shown here spilling from her dress like a melted cream puff—is a 25-year-old student from Ontario, Canada. Working out and playing on the beach keep her motor humming, but to kick it into high gear, she'd like to do the wild thing in an elevator. All she needs is an elevator operator with a really big shaft.

Photo by Boyfriend





Hailing from Ontario, Canada, Melissa is a 23-year-old student. In the sexual algebra of her erotic musings, she counts to three: a sexy chick, a well-hung dude and herself add up to a kinky threesome. In Melissa's math, students are required to count the holes on her body using only their tongues.

Photo by Boyfriend



Photo by Friend



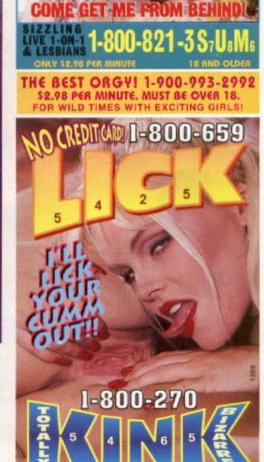
















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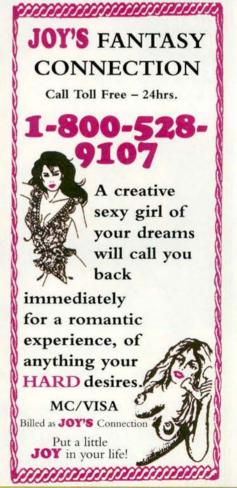








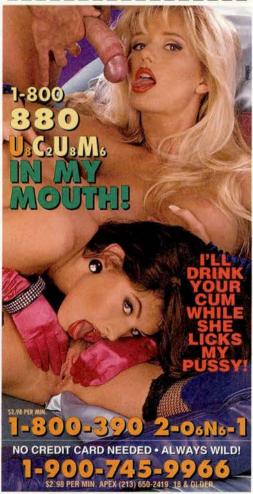


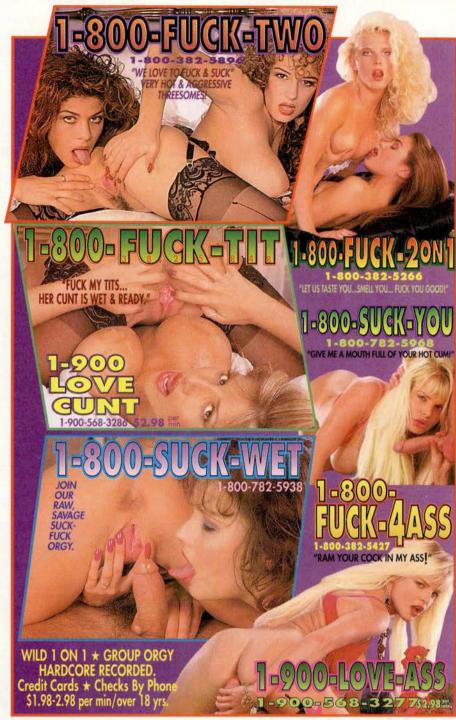


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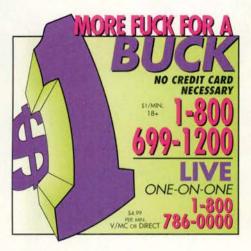














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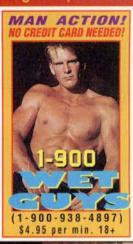
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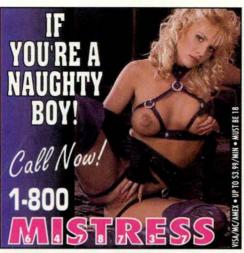














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area, the more business starts and the more long-term economic growth. An economy with layoffs is an economy that can create jobs and opportunities. It takes courage, guts, to lay people off, but it unleashes new powers."

Activist Naifeh hears Dunlap's and Gilder's arguments and is incensed. "Of course those motherfuckers believe in the status quo—Dunlap made a hundred million dollars by firing everyone at Scott Paper!"

Naifeh attacks Dunlap for championing a free market while being blind to the constraints that already strap the lower classes. "What the CEOs don't admit is that regulations already exist, but it's the goddamn corporate executives who are doing the regulating."

Pointing to his own cause—tempworkers' rights—Naifeh explains his assertion. "Temp agencies have become the largest employers in the country," he says, "and the system they've constructed, with the help of lawyers and politicians, is the worst abuse of indentured servitude since the plantations."

Naifeh speaks from experience. The 28-year-old former cabdriver moved to Los Angeles in 1993 to look for a new occupation. He began with the classi-

fieds, but found virtually no opportunities with independent employers. "All the ads now are for temp agencies, for middle men. The agencies have a virtual monopoly on opportunities for lowor unskilled workers."

With few other options available, Naifeh applied to a Los Angeles-area temporary service as a "light industrial" worker. "They interviewed me for about five minutes before they sent me to a warehouse to load boxes." For this service, the agency took half his tendollar-an-hour wage for the duration of his six weeks on the job. "The manager of the warehouse told me he wanted to take me on permanently, but couldn't do it because he would have to pay the temp service a \$3,000 fee to hire me away from them."

This kind of bounty is a regular feature of the contracts temp agencies force employers to sign before they will provide them with workers. "They put a fucking price on your head," says Naifeh. "You can't hear about a job unless you go through the agencies. But if you go through the agencies, you can't keep the job without forking over half your check to some bastard in an office living off your back. They fuck you coming and going."

Naifeh, while agreeing that temporary agencies provide a necessary service in certain cases, sees their overwhelming control over entry-level and low-paying positions as a cancer on the working class. "I find it absolutely criminal that the least rewarded members of our society are the ones who must sacrifice half their income to some corporate son of a bitch who is useful only because he has effectively inserted himself as the middleman in the hiring process," he says.

"That's why Dunlap's so sickening," Naifeh continues. "He cries for a free market, but it's the entrenched rich like him who are setting the rules. I want that greedy motherfucker to come work where I've worked and tell me that we have a level playing field, that it's not a rigged game."

As his group has fought for health benefits for temporary workers, as well as the elimination of the bounty that discourages their permanent hire, Naifeh has come in contact with countless low-wage workers who have become alienated by the new social contract between employer and employee. "I remember one guy who read his first check stub," he says. "When he saw the cut given back to the agency, he immediately walked out, saying, 'I'd rather go back to selling junk on the street. At least it's honest.' I can't say I blamed him."

Meanwhile on Wall Street, Ralph sees America on the verge of a return to the savage brand of capitalism that marked the 19th century. An economist of that era, Herbert Spencer, first advocated Darwin's idea of the "survival of the fittest" as the supremely efficient economic model. As Lester Thurow relates, "Spencer believed that it was the duty of the economically strong to drive the economically weak into extinction; that drive was in fact the secret of capitalism's strength."

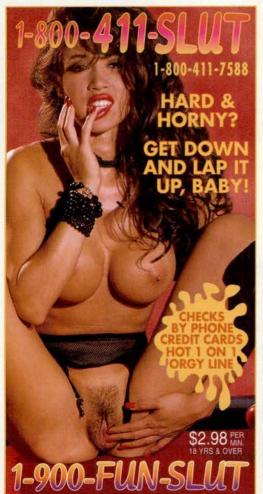
"We really are heading back to a 19th century model," says Ralph. "If I had to make any kind of prediction, I'd say we're heading for a renaissance of social Darwinism."

The 19th century is best remembered by historians not for the celluloid fictions of black-hat and white-hat gunfighters, but for low reading levels, high infant-mortality rates, rampant disease, child labor, sweat shops and a level of human misery we would find unimaginable today, but perhaps not tomorrow.



"Can you think of a better name for a big fat boob?"



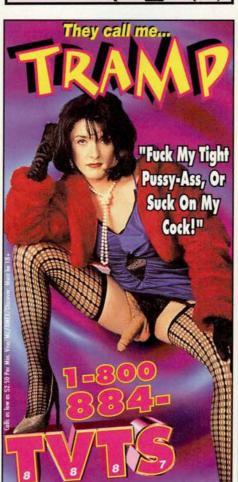


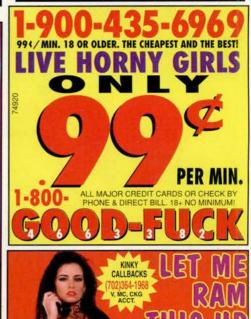






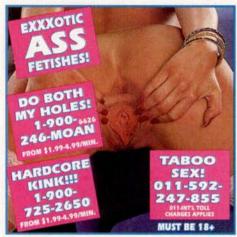






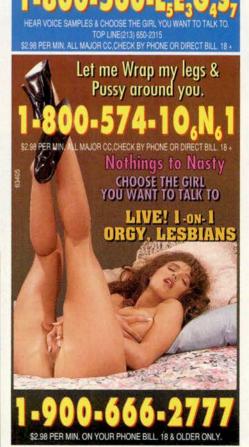










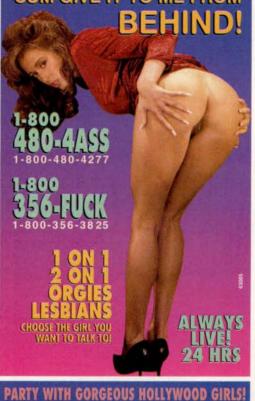
















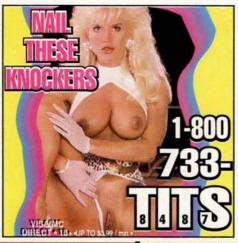




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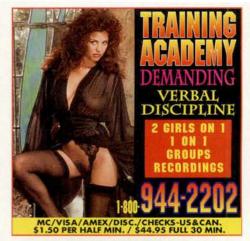
























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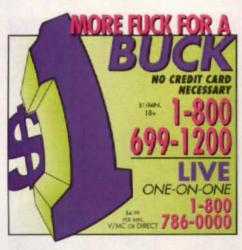
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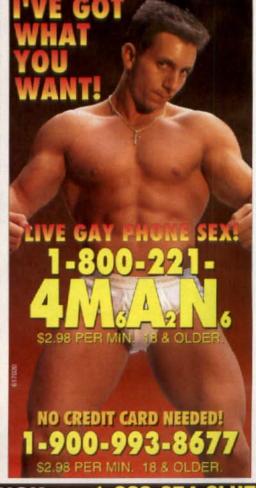




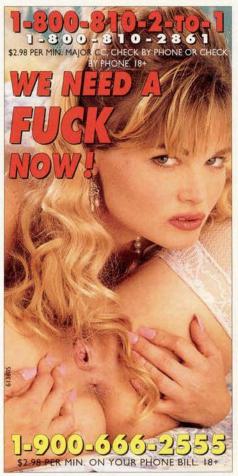


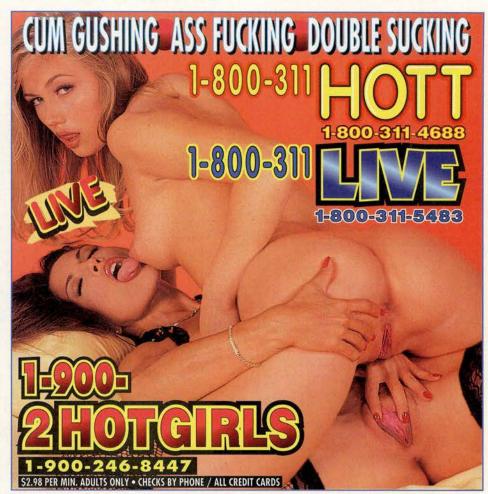














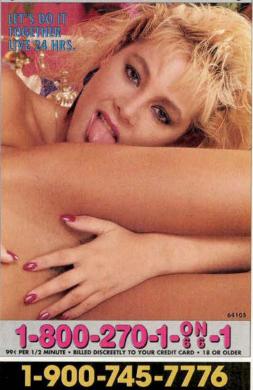














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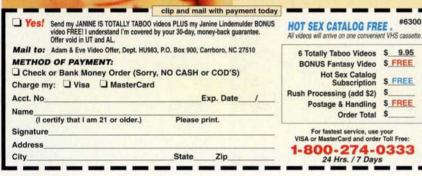
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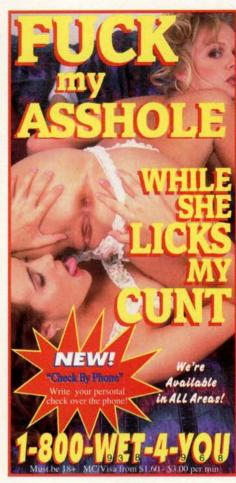
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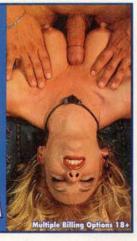
















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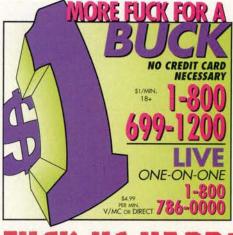




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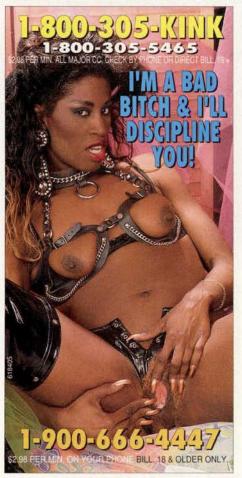
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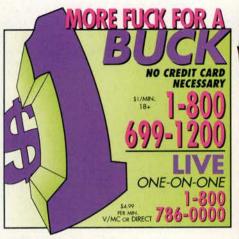


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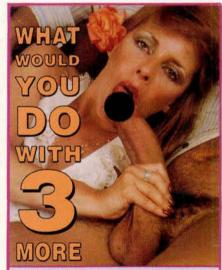


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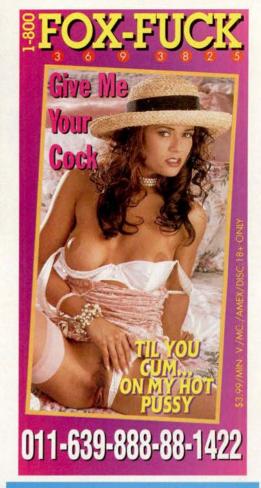
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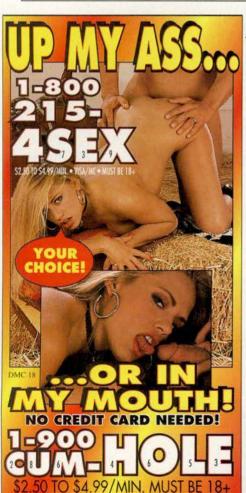
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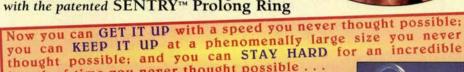


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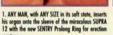


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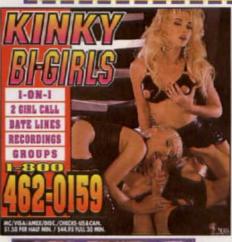




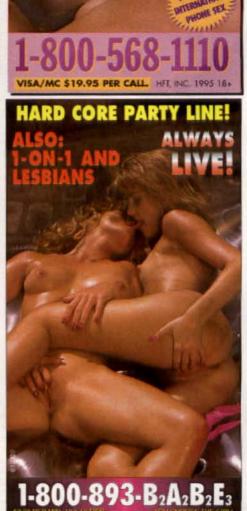








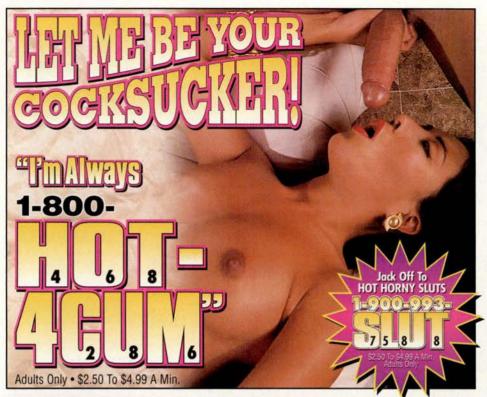


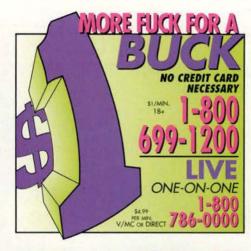


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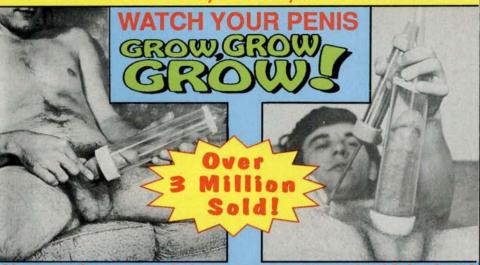
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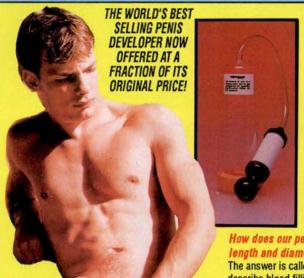
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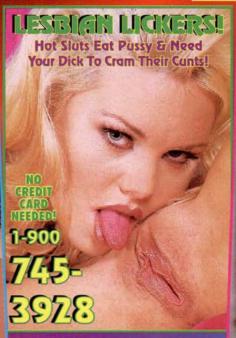
Slide Your
Meat Between
My Tits And
Shoot Your
Cum On My
FACE















HUSTLER

BLAZING SADDLES

HUSTLER in October sets more than leaves aflame with a heart-thumping, cock-pumping firing line that'll have the barrel on every six-shooter smoking. A man-eating, leather-clad mammary animal is uncaged and turned loose to yank her chain; a salty-snatched, sun-ripened slut sets sail for sexual piracy on the high seas; in a chamber lined with red satin, a rose-nippled nubile spreads and strokes her pink silk; college roommates discover the joys of music and sweet sapphic harmony as they strum and tongue each other to a crescendo; a golden-haired harlot, craving carnal adventure, runs away to join the circus freak show and auditions both for acrobat and sword swallower. HUSTLER in October lights a fire. You bring the wood.

GIMME BACK MY BULLETS

If your surgeon turned you into a eunuch, would you shoot him? Police say that Arcadio Arguilez did. Every year, 300,000 men are diagnosed with prostate cancer. 40,000 will die, and the rest, if they seek treatment, still risk a fate some think worse than death: surgery, impotence and incontinence. These men don't know that their misery may not even be necessary. According to informed sources, current medical knowledge is unable to distinguish fatal from less serious cases, placing men at the hands and knives of doctors who may be greedy, incompetent or simply ignorant of alternative treatments. David Feller reports on what the medical establishment doesn't want its patients to find out and what every man needs to know before risking life in diapers.

KOREAN BARBEQUE

Tear gas and Molotov cocktails, rocks and electric cattle prods. It's all part of a wild weekend for a South Korean college student. In recent years, a slackening economy, bureaucratic corruption and a repressive government have inflamed Seoul's students to stage demonstrations, confront armed riot squads and even light themselves on fire. In *Eyewitness at a Riot*, Sky Takahashi goes undercover to plumb the clandestine planning and experience the bloody eruption of Korea's collegiate upheaval.

ERECTOR SETS

In October's Sex Play, correspondent Alice Joanou reports on new remedies for impotence in "Phallus Pharmacopoeia"; Bits & Pieces scores with a send-up of horrormovie posters. Hot Letters hands out the trickiest treats, and Beaver Hunt knocks on the neighbor's back door. October's HUSTLER burns with all the colors of autumn. Come, get warm by the fire.

October HUSTLER on sale July 30, 1996











